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RIGHT AND WRONG;

OR,

THE KINSMEN OF NAPLES.

VOL. IV.



*Eliza Giffard & Verquis
Hilshire*
RIGHT AND WRONG;

OR,

THE KINSMEN OF NAPLES.

A ROMANTIC STORY,
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MARY JULIA YOUNG,

AUTHOR OF

Rose Mount Castle, The East Indian, Moss Cliff Abbey,
Poems, &c. &c.

VOL. IV.

———They both are bright; but one
Benignly bright as stars to Mariners;
And one a Comet, with malignant blaze
Denouncing ruin. *The Brothers—Young.*

Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of Heaven nor Earth. *Shakespeare.*

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RIGHT AND WRONG;

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CHAP. I.

Convalescence..

DUVALVIN's disorder took such a favorable turn the next day, that Doctor Morgan pronounced him to be out of danger, and in a few days he was able to sit up for some hours, and converse with Sir Llewellyn, who was greatly pleased at finding such a sensible companion in his accomplished and agree-

able guest, who proved himself, in every respect truly deserving Doctor Obrien's partiality; nor was Duvalvin less pleased with the Baronet, who was very cheerful, intelligent, and affectionate.

Miss Llanmere was obliged to content herself with *sending* her kind inquiries and congratulations; for as her father had never asked her to accompany him in his frequent visits to the chamber of the invalid, she considered that it would be improper to go there without him.

The first day on which Duvalvin was permitted to walk in the garden, the sound of a harp enticed him towards a pavilion, from whence it came; the windows were open, and he beheld the graceful Llewella—her taper fingers
lightly

lightly swept the strings to an harmonious prelude ; fearing to interrupt her, he concealed himself behind a rose-bush that grew close to the window, and listened with rapture to the following air.

Crush'd beneath a thunder shower,

Low the blooming flow'ret lies !

Yet revives in one short hour,

When bright Phœbus gilds the skies.

So though grief and sickness lour

O'er Fitz-Alvin's manly form,

May he, like the drooping flower,

Bloom uninjur'd by the storm.

Friendship, health, and pleasure, come !

Come ; and in Fitz-Alvin's ear

Whisper—"This shall be thy home :"

Whisper—"Never leave Llanmerc."

Since Duvalvin first beheld the beautiful Llewella, in the grove, she had

never been absent from his thoughts ; her lovely features, her elegant form, were *alone* sufficient to captivate a disengaged heart ; but when he recollected her modest blushes, trembling anxiety, gentle, soothing voice, her tears and tender cares, his whole soul was enchanted ; and he compared Llewella Llanmere to the mother of mankind, in her first state of beauty, innocence, and love.

When he thought himself dying, this lovely Llewella visited him !—She came like an angel of bliss !—her voice revived him—her kind expressions tranquillized his mind—their salutary influence seemed instantaneously to check the violence of his disorder, and his cure was completed by his mental composure ;
and

and though she did not repeat her visits, Duvalvin waited patiently till his returning health would permit him to enjoy her society.

It had not been mentioned before Llewella, that *to-day* he was to be allowed to walk in the garden, and to dine with the family; securely therefore did she sing the little air which she had composed, without the slightest idea that the subject of it had left his chamber; and the enraptured Duvalvin was too delicate to let her know that he had heard her sing it. Softly he quitted his fragrant concealment; Azor, who now heard his steps upon the gravel, ran out barking, and Llewella beheld with surprise the interesting stranger at the entrance of the pavilion.

She arose to meet him, her face animated with smiles and blushes; and giving him her hand, welcomed him with unaffected joy. He kissed the hand she gave him with respectful tenderness—he felt the hand tremble so, did *his*; a bright glow crimsoned his cheeks, but it was quickly succeeded by pallidness, which alarmed Llewella—she said :

“ You are faint ! sit down—what shall I get for you ? ”

“ I shall be better presently—I am only a little agitated.”

“ You have ventured out too soon, and walked too far for your strength—*alone too* !—Why did you do so ? ”

“ I thought

“ I thought myself stronger than I am, but I find the pleasure of seeing Miss Llanmere is too much for my weak spirits.—Sooth them with harmony.”

“ I wish I could—I will endeavor to do so—presently—not *yet*;—your sudden and unexpected appearance has disconcerted me a little. An ignorant girl, who has lived among the Welch mountains all her life, is apt to be very superstitious, and I almost imagined my fancy had conjured up your spectre.”

“May I then flatter myself that your thoughts have sometimes dwelt on an unworthy object?”

"No, indeed they never have; though
very frequently on Mr. Fitz Alvin, whose
B 4 illness

illness has been such a severe lesson to me, that I think I shall never play the fool again. Oh! how ridiculous I have appeared to myself! and I fear much more so to you, Sir, whose sufferings my folly encreased.—Surely you must hate me.”

“Hate you! O Heaven! Miss Llanmere—I hated the world—my existence was a burthen—you awakened me from a dream of horror—again the world has charms for me—life is once more dear to me—your presence has made Llanmere a paradise—I wish for *no other—I cannot while you are here.*”

“I am greatly obliged to you for so politely endeavoring to reconcile me to myself. Your own cheerfulness must
verify

verify your elegant speech. If I see you unhappy—oh ! dreadful mortification to my vanity !—I shall sink at once from a paradise maker to a simple Welch rustic, who can make poor Llanmere nothing more than a rude, romantic spot in Caernarvonshire to *you*;—to *me* it has ever been the seat of earthly bliss.—When my mother died, I was too young to *feel* my loss ; and my heart, always gay and happy, never knew what sorrow was, until you fainted in the bower;—now, as you recover your spirits, I shall recover my happiness.”

“ I am too much flattered by your kind compassion, to be sorry that I excited it by my illness ;—may no event of greater consequence ever disturb your peace ! ”

“Of *greater* consequence! heaven forbid!—*that* was dreadful enough—It seemed to convert my pretty bower into a tomb—my gay wreath into a dismal pall—birds into spectres—and Morven’s sweet song into a funeral dirge :—then it changed mirth to sadness—innocent playfulness into guilty remorse—and a gentle, harmless girl to a cruel barbarian, who, like Macbeth, had “murdered “sleep.” Now therefore as I have proved to you, that your mischievous illness created worse metamorphoses than Ovid, I desire you will mention it for the future as a very serious and consequential event.”

Llewella did not give Duvalyin time to answer her eccentric speech, for she immediately sat down to her harp, and
sang

sang a very lively Italian air with great taste and spirit ; the compass and modulation of her voice, and the judgment which she displayed, surprised and charm'd Duvalvin, although he had dwelt in the land of harmony. Llewella's *naïveté* of manners, her artless smiles, her glowing beauty, entirely captivated his heart, which until *now* had escaped a *serious* attachment, although, for awhile, it could not resist the allurements of the beautiful l'Abandoni ; *that* was a passion which his reason condemned—in *this* he might glory ; and, conscious of his rank in life, and, his unblemished honor, he thought that, without being too presumptuous, he might not only encourage his love for Miss Llanmere, but also indulge the ecstatic hope of its meeting with a return.

Llewella, as she had sincerely grieved while he was ill, now as sincerely rejoiced at his recovery; and her so lately oppressed heart seemed gayer than ever; so appeared the gardens of Llanmere, for the elegant, the amiable Fitz-Alvin, restored, almost, to health and spirits, was the interesting companion of her walk.

When they entered the castle, she communicated her cheerfulness to her affectionate Father, Doctor Morgan, and even to the venerable bard, who received Fitz Alvin with paternal tenderness, and told him that no one had such cause to rejoice in his convalescence as himself, who had, from an over caution, endangered his life.

The air, and the lively conversation
of

of Llewella had such a good effect upon Duvalvin, that the next day he found himself so much better that he thought he no longer stood in need of Gwyneth's kind attentions, for which he expressed the sincerest gratitude, and made her a liberal present. Sir Llewellyn and Miss Llanmere had done the same, and the good woman and her little Owen returned to their cottage rich and happy.

The attentive Baronet, who remembered well the expressions of *mental* pain, which had been uttered by his young guest at their first meeting, and observed since that his spirits seemed to be oppressed by *more* than illness, was too delicate to make any enquiries to awaken uneasy ideas, but endeavoured to *tranquillize*, if not entirely remove them, by
a suc-

a succession of rural amusements, and was pleased to see Fitz-Alvin rapidly recover his health and vivacity.

Miss Llanmere was of all their parties, for from her childhood she had been, not only the enlivener of her father's home, but also his constant companion abroad. She could walk, ride, and shoot at a mark with arrows, better than any of her sex, and she also excelled most of them in every feminine accomplishment. She was a polished child of nature, on whom fashion had bestowed all her brightest embellishments, unsullied by art, pride, and affectation. Her taste and execution in painting, music, and singing, which were always *good*, Duvalvin *perfected*; and he also made her a
proficient

proficient in the French and Italian languages.

Sir Llewellyn was delighted with her improvement, and grateful to her elegant instructor, whom he *admired* for his superior accomplishments, and *esteemed* for his unobtrusive modesty. Every day more and more happy in his society, he desired Fitz-Alvin to make Llanmere his *home*, and said that he thought himself under a great obligation of Doctor O'Brien for introducing such an agreeable companion to him.

Duvalvin felt peculiarly delighted by every proof of the Baronet's partiality; he wished indeed to make a *home* of Llanmere—he almost forgot Italy; his soul, after having struggled through the
pangs

pangs of sickness, and the horrors of a dismal sepulchre, seemed *now* to enjoy a blissful elysium—he *loved* and was *beloved*; nor did he imagine that Sir Llewellyn, when made acquainted with his *real* situation, would scorn his alliance, as he *already* behaved like a father to him; and Duvalvin's affectionate heart glowed with filial love for the Baronet, whose disposition and manners were far more congenial to his own, than the Conte Pliantini's, which were frequently repelling to the sincere and generous Frederic, although he endeavored to conceal, even from himself, the faults of an uncle, to whom he owed, not only duty, but the most grateful affection for his truly paternal care; and he condemned himself frequently for neglect and ingratitude in letting so many weeks pass away
without

without informing the Conte of his safety; yet still he suffered time to glide on imperceptibly, without being able to begin the disagreeable task; he knew not how to expose Lorenzo—he knew not how to invent a falsehood; his last determination was, to place an implicit confidence in Sir Llewellyn and Miss Llanmere, and hear what they would advise, before he wrote to either the Prince or the Conte.

In the beautiful environs of Llanmere castle, Duvalvin found *many* objects for his *admiration*—*none* for his *charity*.—The good management and generosity of Sir Llewellyn, and the benevolent attention of his amiable daughter, rendered every cottage upon his extensive domains the neat abode of content and
plenty.

plenty. Within the castle reigned liberal hospitality—there, the stranger found a sure asylum—there, a numerous retinue found a tranquil home :—the elder servants, after they had brought up their sons and daughters to occupy their respective departments, retired to fulfil the delightful task of nursing and instructing a blooming race of healthy *grand* children, born in the castle ; one wing of which was deputed by Sir Llewellyn for their nursery and school. These little ones afforded him both business and amusement ; he watched over the education of the boys, and rewarded their progress, and frequently diverted himself with observing their playful agility. Miss Llanmere was a careful superintendant over the girls, and a liberal encourager of merit ;—the infants were
her

her playthings. Sir Llewellyn said his servants had saved him a great sum of money, which he must have expended in buying *wax* babies for Llewella, by supplying her with a succession of *living* ones, in whom she took the greatest delight; and that, thus inspired with an early affection for children, and accustomed to the care of them, he was convinced she would never prove a negligent mother to her own.

CHAP. II.

A Secret revealed.

THE morning after Duvalvin had resolved to discover himself, Sir Llewellyn entered the breakfast room with a letter in his hand, and said gravely :

“Llewella, your grandfather, the Earl of Rhyndore, is dead;—he died at Lisbon.”

“Poor man! he is released at *last* from a complication of disorders; and my uncle and my dear Wynfrida are
released

released also from a very painful confinement. Surely, Sir, they cannot grieve for him—it is impossible!—such a very old, infirm man as he was;—his life has been a *heavy* burthen for years, both to himself and to them.”

“Such a *burthen* as *mine* will be to *you*, my child, if I have the misfortune to live so long.”

“My father! good God! what have I said? can you suppose that I shall ever wish for *your* death, my father?—Oh! no, *no*!—you are not proud, whimsical, and discontented, as the Earl of Rhyndore was; *he* loved himself only, and seemed to take a pleasure in making every person about him unhappy.”

“*He*

“ *He* was your *grandfather*—and he is *dead*.—Why, Llewella, do you give Mr. Fitz-Alvin a list of his faults?—Is it *dutiful*, is it *humane*? His daughter was *your mother*, my child, therefore you ought to have shewn some respect to his memory, and have been silent.”

“ Forgive me, Sir, I am quite ashamed of myself;—I have been very guilty—forgive me ! ”

Sir Llewellyn held out his hand to her; she threw herself into his arms, and wept upon his shoulder. He kissed her affectionately, and said :

“ Always think, my child, before you speak. Come, come, no more tears—be pacified—my anger is over; and I
have

have a secret to tell you, something which concerns yourself."

Llewella, confused and blushing, the tear standing on her cheek, like dew upon a rose, took her seat at the table. Sir Llewellyn said:

"How shall you like to be Lady Glynvale, my girl?"

"What! marry my uncle; and be mamma to my cousin Wynfrida, who is as old as myself? Now you make me laugh, even through my tears."

"My question was a *serious* one, my dear; your *uncle* is now the *Earl of Rhyndore*—I said *Glynvale*."

"Both

“ Both titles, Sir, are my uncle’s as he has no son.”

“ He *has* a son. That is the secret I had to communicate.”

“ Is it possible ! Did Lady Wynfrida know she had a brother ? ”

“ She did *not* : your mother and myself were his only confidants. It is no longer necessary to keep the secret. Lord Glynvale will return to England with his father. You will soon see your cousin, and in him your destined husband.”

“ We have never seen each other ; perhaps I may dislike him, and he me : besides, he is my cousin.”

“ That

“That is nothing. I hear he is a beautiful and most accomplished young man.”

“I shall esteem him, certainly, as my uncle’s son ; and that will be all he can require.”

“But not *all* that *his father* and *yours* will require. From your infancy, Llewella, we have destined you for each other—it is a determined thing——”

“What, Sir! to make your children miserable, if it should so happen that they dislike each other—can *fathers* so unjustly fix their children’s fate?”

“We act *justly* by our children—we consider their honor—their interest; we

strengthen the union between two ancient families : and by combining riches with titles, encrease their splendor.”

“ And destroy their happiness, if love be excluded from the family, compact.”

“ Love is a changeable, treacherous deity, child, he will lure a girl to disobey her parents, and to marry the man of her *own* choice ; then, soon after, will seduce her from conjugal and maternal duties, to listen attentively to the vows of a libertine, until *love* triumphs over *honor*, and the once darling object of her choice, and the innocent pledges of their mutual attachment, are deserted. *You*, Mr. Fitz-Alvin, no doubt, have seen many such instances of the mutability of this *love*, so eternally the theme of boys and girls.”

“ Transient

“Transient prepossessions, Sir, excited by mere personal charms, are not to be dignified by the name of love; much less so are those unruly passions that break the sacred ties of duty and virtue.— True and honorable love is fixed upon the lasting beauties of the mind, and would not harbor *even* a momentary thought derogatory to the honor or interest of its darling object.”

“Noble Fitz-Alvin! I am almost sorry that a strict engagement, between the Earl of Rhyndore and myself, prevents my having *you* for a son-in-law.— Llewella, here is your mother’s dying request;—for *you* her feeble hand traced these words—I *know* you will *obey* them.”

Llewella took the paper—she glanced her eyes over the address.

“ To my beloved daughter, Llewella Llanmere :—not to be opened till after the death of my father, the Earl of Rhyndore; nor *then*, unless she is arrived at an age to have a perfect sense of filial duty, and the obedience a child owes to the *last* fervent wishes of her dying and most affectionate mother,

“ Ella Llanmere.”

Llewella, with a look of reverence and tearless agony, pressed the paper to her bosom, and to her lips; then, rising hastily, attempted to leave the room, but sank senseless on the carpet, before the alarmed Duvalvin had time to save her; he lifted her up—leaned her pallid
face

face on his bosom, and, in a voice of terror, called to Doctor Morgan for assistance, who ran to his laboratory for some drops; while Sir Llewellyn hung over his apparently lifeless daughter, mentally accusing himself for so abruptly giving her Lady Ella Llanmere's letter.

The doctor quickly returned with what he hoped would be a restorative, and with Marian, whose distress, at the state in which she found her dear lady, rendered her scarcely able to give the necessary assistance. When Llewella recovered her recollection, and observed her situation, she looked at her tender supporter—then at her father—grasped his hand, and faintly uttered :

“ My father—my *mother*——”

A convulsive sob stifled her voice—she closed her eyes, and again lay inanimate in the arms of Duvalvin.—Doctor Morgan said that she must be immediately carried to her chamber and put to bed, and every thing done to compose her mind, agitated by the conversation of the morning.

Sir Llewellyn, unable any longer to support himself, sat down in speechless despair. Duvalvin carried his lovely burthen to her apartment; and resigning her, not without reluctance, to the care of the doctor and her female domestics, went down to Sir Llewellyn, though too unhappy himself to console the miserable father; yet humanity compelled

pelled him to attempt it, or rather to sympathize with him in his affliction.

Their mutual sufferings were soon relieved by Doctor Morgan, who informed them Miss Llanmere was much better, but had expressed a very great horror at being *compelled* to marry Lord Glynvale. Sir Llewellyn exclaimed:

“She *shall not be compelled*. I was a fool to enter into such a solemn agreement with Lady Ella and her brother! yet, I *have promised*, and my *promise* is too sacred to be broken.—*What* can I do?”

“Tell Miss Llanmere that you do not mean to force her inclinations, if there should not be a mutual attachment

between Lord Glynvale and her; the idea of compulsion is dreadful, and will create disgust. Let her think that she is free to refuse or accept her cousin, and she will meet him with unreserved affection."

"My dear doctor, you are right.—I have been too precipitate; and, perhaps, prejudiced her against a man, whom, as a near relation, she would have received with pleasure."

"She will receive him as such *now*, if you will leave her to herself;—she must read Lady Ella's letter, because the contents will distress her mind more in idea, than when she knows and considers them rather persuasive than compulsive; for such, Sir Llewellyn, you must, if possible, assure her they are."

"I dread

“ I dread her reading that fatal letter—she will faint—I cannot let her read it when she is *alone*. My dear Fitz-Alvin, I will entrust it to your care—do *you* read it to her—I cannot. Remember that the happiness of two families depends on Llewella’s cheerfully acquiescing with the request it contains. I promised solemnly never to counteract that request, and sealed the promise to a beloved—Oh ! *most beloved*, and then *dying* wife, with my last, *last* fervent kiss ; and so sacred do I hold my words, that were a sovereign to offer his crown to my daughter, I could not permit her to accept it. Fitz-Alvin, I rely on your persuasive eloquence, and on your *honor*. I know your task is hard, my amiable young friend ;—but *who* will act so delicately ? My Llewella’s happiness—

her life, perhaps, is at stake;—be *her brother* in this instance, and you shall *ever* be the *adopted son of Llewellyn*.”

Duvalvin could not speak—he took the paper, and kissed the hand which gave it to him—it trembled—he pitied Sir Llewellyn, and lamented that cruel fate must tear asunder two hearts so congenial, so tenderly united, as Llewella's and his own. He could not conceal the agony he felt, and immediately retired to his apartment.

The natural calmness of his mind was overcome by a despair, far superior to what he felt when in the cavern Della Balza; there he knew his torments must soon be terminated by death, if he found not some means of extricating himself,
and

and he had *no* one *there* to share his sufferings; *now*, he was doomed to *live* in *misery*—to see the woman whom he adored given to another, and rendered unhappy from a too tender partiality for himself—a *partiality* which he had encouraged—which he had *gloried* in.—He sat for a considerable time absorbed in melancholy;—then starting up, exclaimed, with a degree of frenzy:

“ Oh! that I had perished in the dungeon! I have lived to destroy the happiness of Llewella!—of *Llewella*! who is dearer to me than my life.—What am I to do!—am *I* to persuade her to marry Lord Glynvale? Impossible! Yet—Oh! it must be so—Sir Llewellyn confides in my honor, and I will not deceive him. No! I

will endeavor to reconcile Llewella to the wishes of her family;—and if I can see *her happy*, surely *I cannot be wretched.*”

CHAP. III.

The Effects of Hope.

DUVALVIN was roused from his soliloquy by Azor, who being shut out of Llewella's apartment, came and barked at his door to be let in. He caressed him, took him in his arms, and went to the pavilion. There, the paintings, the harp, and above all, the song that Llewella had made on himself, filled his soul with tenderness;—his resolution vanished, and he said, emphatically:

"No!

“ No! I will never, *never* give up my Llewella! Her parents’ rigid commands may *tear* her away from my arms, but my heart cannot, will not *throw* her from it.”

Llewella, who, finding herself better, thought the air might revive her, went into the garden, and taking the walk that led to the pavilion, saw Duvalvin enter it; and just as she arrived at the door, she overheard his exclamations, and asked affectionately :

“ Can this Lord Glynvale, this new found cousin of mine, ever be so dear to me as you are, my amiable friend?— No, it is impossible! Before I knew such a being existed, my choice was *fixed*; nor can I, consistently with the duty

I owe

I owe to myself, ever give my *hand* to Glynvale, when my *heart* is Fitz-Alvin's!"

He was in ecstasies—the daughter's words obliterated those of the father from his mind, and for some minutes he thought himself completely blessed;—but, alas! painful recollection soon checked his transports—he covered his face with his hand, while heart-felt sighs discovered a mental agony that alarmed Llewella. She took his hand, and said:

"Will you not believe me, Fitz-Alvin? Do you think that I am a giddy, fickle, creature, who cannot resist a title?"

"Can you—*ought* you to resist the
commands

commands of your parents? O! Miss Llanmere! have you not ever been obedient until now? and shall *I*, who found you a perfect being in this paradise, follow the example of the first tempter, and lure you to disobedience and to misery?—no, *never*!—my honor is engaged—I am resolved——”

“On *what*, Fitz-Alvin?”

“To quit Llanmere!”

“And if you *do*—yet you will be *ever present* to Llewella;—then why quit Llanmere?”

“Because *I cannot* obey your father.—*I cannot* persuade *you* to *obey* him—nor can I read the letter to you, which he
has

has entrusted to my care for that purpose. Oh! you know not what I feel! —I am distracted? ”

“ Dear Mr. Fitz-Alvin, how you distress me! for heaven’s sake, be calm! —At first I was overcome; the surprise and the sight of my mother’s writing affected me greatly; I have considered since, and do not find the affair so very terrible.”

“ And are reconciled already, perhaps, to marry Lord Glynyale? ”

“ Certainly, if *you wish* me to do so—and *I* can like him better than I do *you*. Your *persuasive* eloquence *may* be successful, *perhaps*.”

“ I have always been enchanted with
your

your liveliness—but now, my Llewella——”

“It is impertinent levity;—and you think I ought to break my heart, or, at least, weep myself blind, before my poor dear cousin arrives:—no, Fitz-Alvin, I mean to let those be my *last* resources;—at present, I am determined to be happy, and trust to Providence for a continuance of that happiness. I will banish all self-reflections and disagreeable presentiments from my mind; and I entreat—I *conjure* you to do the same. Dear Fitz-Alvin! let us hope that an affection so reciprocal as ours will be rewarded.”

“I *will* hope. Dear flatterer! how you have soothed me! Yet—Sir Llewellyn——”

“Will

“ Will be so happy to see his beloved girl restored to health and spirits, that he too will hope for the best, like his daughter, and cheerfully enjoy the present. *You* shall preserve your honor, and oblige papa and uncle. I have found out a way to reconcile you to stay quietly at Llanmere. It is *this*:—you shall, in obedience to my father, give an entire *new* turn to our conversation, and persuade me to marry my cousin; and if your prudential arguments should be ineffectual—if I obstinately continue to prefer the advocate for Lord Glynvale to his lordship, will you be *very* much *displeased* and *mortified*, Fitz-Alvin? ”

“ Oh no! I shall be blest!—transported! *Love* will *triumph*!—*duty*, *honor*, will be *forgotten*!—and Fitz-Alvin
be

be the destroyer of Llewella's happiness !
The thought distracts me ! I am doomed
to misery ! ”

“ No, no, do not say so.—Glynvale
may have stolen a wedding with some
fair foreigner ;—or, as people die even
in the days of their youth, heaven may
in pity snatch him from the more terri-
ble fate, to which his family have doomed
him ; *there are two possibilities* to hope
for ; another is, his heart may be attached
to a more charming creature than Lle-
wella Llanmere—if so, we will be very
affectionate cousins, sympathizing confi-
dants in each other's perverse fate ; and,
by indulging our mutual affliction, alarm
our papas, and make them think that it
will be far more humane to *break* their
vows, than the *hearts* of their children.—

So

So pray recover your spirits, my beloved friend, and to morrow we will calmly read the *letter*—it *must* be read—and I will summon all my resolution to hear it with attention. Perhaps it may not peremptorily devote me to misery.— Give me that song which you have been hugging so fondly to your bosom. I will sing the last verse to you. How applicable!—and, I hope, prophetic!

“Friendship, health, and pleasure, come,
Come, and in Fitz-Alvin’s ear,
Whisper—‘ This shall be thy home ;
Whisper—‘ Never leave Llanmere,
Never, *never* leave Llanmere.”

The tremulous voice with which she sung the repetition, and the tears which glistened in her soft eyes as she looked tenderly

tenderly at Duvalvin, gave such expression to the words, that he rapturously exclaimed :

“ No, never ! *never* will I leave Llanmere while you remain here. Yet—what do I say !—can I stay here when Lord Glynvale is come ?—can *I*, who have been blest with your love, see you compelled to marry another ? ”

“ Do not talk of it as an irrevocable doom, Fitz-Alvin, unless you wish to see me die ; for I cannot live if you deprive me of *hope*. ”

“ Surely, my *love*, my *hopes* have not been too presumptuous ! My family is noble—myself high in the royal favor ;—a treacherous relation sought my life ;
if

if I discover his guilt, I must return to my uncle, from whom, and my country, I am a voluntary exile. I will not any longer conceal my story—you shall hear it, and pity me: Sir Llewellyn shall hear it also, and advise me how to act in a case so delicate as mine.”

“ My father will be pleased with you for placing a confidence in him; and while you are relating your history, we shall forget Lord Glynvale. Be very circumstantial;—begin from your earliest remembrance.”

“ What ! shall I interest you for the dear companion of my infancy—tell you how we grew up, like twin brothers, from our cradle—that we slept, played, and studied together—that we were inseparable

separable until *now*—that I loved him, *dearly* loved him!—that he is elegant, handsome, and accomplished—and *then* must *I*, who have cautiously concealed the trifling errors of his childhood, expose him to hatred? Infatuated Lorenzo ! still, *still I love him.*”

“ I am sure *I cannot* if he has been *your enemy*. If he could injure *you*—if he could seek to destroy *your* life, *whose* will he spare? He is not fit to live!—indeed, Fitz-Alvin he is *not*; and it will be an act of public justice to rid the world of such a monster, whose specious exterior and elegant accomplishments only render him the more dangerous to society. If you leave him to perpetrate other evil deeds, are *you* not his *accomplice* ? ”

‘ I hope

“I hope he is a penitent : the thought of having caused my death, of which he can have no doubt, now, perhaps, rends his bosom with remorse.”

“And on that hope you will rely.—Excellent Fitz-Alvin ! may your perfidious cousin deserve your lenity. Give us your history without reserve ;—permit me to judge how far this Lorenzo deserves to be forgiven. My father is not of a severe disposition ; he could much rather *forgive* than *condemn*—and here he comes. Remember, that we are to *hope* ; and though we may experience only a temporary happiness, yet, why should we not enjoy it, and endeavor to cheer and tranquilize each other, and my dear father, too, who I am sure would not be easy if he saw *me* in affliction?

—he has never been rigid—let us make a friend of my father. From my earliest remembrance, he has sympathized in my sorrows—to *his* bosom I flew for comfort—he kissed away my tears, and soothed me into peace—he participated my joys, was enlivened by my smiles, and delighted with my playfulness; from *such* a tender father, I can have no concealments; my fears, my hopes shall be communicated to him without reserve. Oh! how miserable must *that* child be who *fears* to make a *friend* of her *father*.”

Saying these words, Llewella flew into the arms of her father, which were extended to receive her. Sir Llewellyn saw health bloom on her cheeks, and pleasure sparkle in her eyes,—he rejoiced at the change, and kissed her with
paternal

paternal tendernefs; then, holding out his hand to Duvalvin, defired he would congratulate him on the reftored health and fpirits of his darling, whofe indisposition had greatly alarmed him.

CHAP. IV.

A partial Sister.

SIR LLEWELLYN and Miss Llanmere were greatly interested for Duvalvin during the recital of his misfortunes. His affassination at the Ruins of San Pietro, and his imprisonment in the Castella Della Balza, filled the gentle soul of Llewella with horror; nor did her father's presence check her tears. When he concluded his pathetic narrative, Sir Llewellyn said:

“ You

“ You have obliged me greatly by this mark of your confidence, my amiable young friend ; and though I execrate your unnatural cousin, I admire your affectionate delicacy, that would conceal his villainy and give him time to repent. Yet, generous and noble as this conduct would be, are you sure that his soul is not too hardened by cruelty to feel remorse ? Will not your own life be continually exposed, while he remains free and unpunished ? ”

“ I have been twice miraculously preserved, and will *still* rely on heaven for protection. Were I to kill Lorenzo, my life would be miserable ; and were he to be imprisoned, I could not *enjoy my liberty*. The *days* in which I have suffered from his treacherous conduct,

cannot obliterate from my mind the *years* we have lived together in fraternal affection. His uncontrollable temper has, from his infancy, often led him into errors, for which he has been punished;—can I forget how severely *I* have *felt* those punishments? no, *never*:—and were I now to see him in distress or danger, I should fly to sooth or to assist him.”

“High-souled Fitz-Alvin! ‘To *err* is *human*—to *forgive*, *divine*.’ I must leave you to obey the dictates of your exalted mind—I dare not argue against them. Yet in what manner do you intend to act if you return to Naples?”

“I cannot determine. My own honor shall not suffer.—I will not appear so ungrateful,

ungrateful, so undutiful to my prince and my uncle, as to let them suppose my absence was voluntary. I disdain falsehood, yet in this case I must stoop to it, in some degree, and make known the deed without revealing the *perpetrator*.—By this time Lorenzo is a sincere penitent. I *know* his disposition—and think I should be safe from his malice in future.”

“It is dangerous to trust him. In England you will be safe. Why should you return to Naples?”

“You are right, my Llewella. I think Mr. Fitz-Alvin had better not return to Italy until he has heard from his uncle, or some *true* friend, who will inform him what reports have been cur-

rent in regard to his absence. A thought has just occurred that pleases me ;— Lord Glynvale may have heard some report concerning your disappearance ; be advised—make a friend of *him* ; he may either know already, or can learn from some correspondent, what is the general opinion, and whether any suspicion has fallen on your cousin. My brother-in-law will soon be here, and a short delay cannot be consequential.— My Llewella, pardon me—I forgot to give you a letter, which was inclosed in mine, from Wynfrida. Fetch it, my love—it is on my table in the library.”

Llewella flew for the letter, and found it contained these words :

“ My

“ My dear Llewella,

The loss we have sustained by the death of my grandfather, is most delightfully compensated by my new-found brother, who, I find, has been destined by our fathers for *you*, my pretty cousin, ever since your birth.—Happy Llewella! a more accomplished man I never met with—so elegant in his manners, so handsome, so fine a person; dear, charming Glynvale! how you will love him! He has but one fault—that is, an unevenness of temper; or else some secret misfortune weighs heavy on his heart, which he strives in vain to shake off; perhaps he has followed the example of his father, and is privately married; if he be, can the Earl of Rhyndore blame him? surely *no*. My papa has kept his first marriage a

a profound secret for a fine long time, and produced a beautiful, full-grown son and heir all at once, to the great surprise of every body—to impoverish poor *me*, and enrich *you*, Miss Llanmere, with an estate and title. Upon my honor, I ought to hate this brother of mine;—yet I cannot do it:—so far from having a cold dislike to this strange intruder, no sister's affection can ever have exceeded mine, while my beloved Glynvale joins the most lover-like attentions to fraternal affection. You know the playful gaiety of my disposition—I exert it all to enliven this darling brother; and I endeavor, by the most soothing tenderness, to engage his confidence—he is delighted with my mirth, and grateful for my kindness; but, alas! he is still reserved—still unhappy. He will often
quit

quit me abruptly, and seek the most retired walks in the garden, where I have found him standing with his arms folded, and his fine eyes wasting their expressive brilliancy on the insensible earth; yet, when I have spoken to him, he has clasped me fondly to his bosom, called me his enchanting sister, and immediately recovered his vivacity. What can occasion these frequent fits of despondency?—Oh! that I could remove every uneasiness from the mind of Glynvale! *You*, my Llewella, will, perhaps, be more successful.

“ Soon, *very* soon we shall be in Wales. What a change I shall find in Glynvale castle! Instead of gloomy silence and a cross old grandfather—gay mirth and a kind young brother. I am

anticipating such happiness—such entertainments ! yet I shall certainly be jealous if my dear brother loves you better than he does me. Upon my word, this same sisterly affection has rushed so suddenly and violently into my poor little heart, that I scarcely know what to make of it, and I am forced to consider whether the fine young fellow, it is become so very partial to, is a *lover* or a *brother* ;—now, when the latter comes creeping by degrees, in the harmless form of a little boy, and steals one's affections, it seems all very easy and natural—we scratch and quarrel—kiss and love—preserving a happy medium between tenderness and indifference ; but for two people to start into the world, brother and sister, when they are arrived at a perfect state of beauty and discretion, like your fair
cousin

cousin Wynfrida, and your elegant *new* cousin Glynvale, is *such* a wonderful piece of enchantment, that it bewilders their senses, and renders them unable to know, for some time, what species of love they are to call from their hearts to attend the unexpected and transporting attachment.

“*You*, my Llewella, never had a brother, therefore are as much a stranger to what *sisterly* love ought to be as I am. *You* are to marry Glynvale, and must love him better than *I* do!—is that possible? —I see him from my window—he is tying up a beautiful bouquet for me—he beckons me with it. My brother!—yes, Llewella, my *brother* calls me—*new*, *tender* epithet! with what delight, with what exultation it is pronounced! and
now,

now for the *first* time *written*, by your
truly affectionate and *happy*

Wynfrida Penrhys.

“P.S. You may thank my new and
pleasing *theme* for such an immense
letter, my good cousin. Duty to uncle.
Adieu, adieu.”

CHAP. V.

A Mother's Legacy.

WHILE Llewella was reading Lady Wynfrida's letter, she could not help smiling at her very great partiality for her new-found brother; and during the perusal, she, more than *once*, most sincerely wished that Lord Glynvale was *not* the *brother* of Wynfrida Penrhys, whose gay heart had hitherto withstood the sollicitations of love, and the persuasions of paternal affection, to surrender itself into the power of a husband,

husband, although several excellent matches had been proposed to her before she went abroad.

Notwithstanding the warm encomiums Llewella had just been reading of Lord Glynvale, her soul still shuddered with indescribable horror at the idea of his arrival at Llanmere.

As she stood at her window, deeply considering how far parental authority *ought* to extend over the affections, she beheld Duvalvin in the garden, and exclaimed mentally :

“ My heart is thine, Fitz-Alvin—
thine alone—it was won by thy merit—
it is too firmly attached by the ties of
mutual love to be torn away by arbi-
trary

trary compulsion—it can *never* be *Glynvale's*; nor shall obedience force me to give him my hand without it:—an internal monitor whispers that I am *right*, and I feel resolute and happy. My mother's letter is yet unread—I cannot think of it without a pang—I will know the contents immediately.”

She went directly to the pavilion, where she found Duvalvin, and entreated him to give it to her, assuring him that she had summed sufficient resolution to *read* it, at least, although not to *obey* the dictates she feared it contained; and giving him Lady Wynfrida's letter, she said :

“ There is a fine panegyric on Lord Glynvale: my poor, little, merry cousin

fin

fin Wynfrida, who found faults in every man she saw, absolutely idolizes her new brother, and he adores his sister, I suppose ; for she is a perfect beauty, lively, accomplished, and sensible ;—it is impossible to behold a more fascinating creature—every body loves her—how I should rejoice at her return to Wales, if it were not for that *brother* who comes with her.”

“ Lady Wynfrida has an excellent panegyrist in Miss Llanmere.”

“ Surely you will allow me to praise the *sister*—yes, and you shall allow me to praise the brother also, if he deserves it ; for indeed I shall think you want taste if you do not admire my Wynfrida—read her letter, while I read my mother’s.

What

What *can* she say concerning this Lord Glynvale, whose existence is but just now made known to the world?"

Llewella's hand trembled as she unclosed the black seal, and filial tenderness softened her heart to receive, with sacred awe, the last request of a deceased mother, however repugnant it might be to the *wishes* of that heart.

Her tears fell fast upon the paper the moment she began to read the posthumous epistle.

"My beloved and only child,

"Before you receive *this*, the hand which wrote it will be crumbled into dust; yet I trust that your dear father will ever keep me alive in your remembrance. Has he not told you how
tenderly

tenderly I nursed you from your birth ? with what rapture I have beheld your infantine smiles, while you received nourishment from my breast ? also, how anxiously I have watched over your slumbers, and with what grateful exultation I observed your daily improvement ? All this I know your father has frequently told you. You *love* the *memory* of your affectionate mother, although heaven thought fit to take her from you when you were too young to feel the loss.

“ You are now, my love, arrived at an age to be treated as a friend, and your mother arises from the tomb of her ancestors to address you as such, and to fulfil a promise which she made to a dear and only brother, who, at the time
you

you read this, will be the Earl of Rhyn-dore.

“ My father was left a widower at an early period of his life ; and although he continued such, out of regard to my brother and myself, for he had no other children, he was rather a *rigid* than a *fond* father, particularly to poor Glynvale, who continually incurred the Earl’s displeasure by his extravagance ; his thoughtless gaiety also, most unfortunately, so greatly offended our maternal grandmother, that she bequeathed the whole of her fortune, which was very considerable, to me ; gladly would I have shared it with my beloved brother, but my father, scrupulously just to the will, denied me that happiness, and, to my great affliction, sent Lord Glynvale abroad,

abroad, strictly enjoining him, as he valued a father's blessing, not to marry a foreigner.

“After an absence of four years, Glynvale was recalled; my pleasure would have been unbounded at seeing my brother, if I had not remarked a settled melancholy cloud his natural cheerfulness.

“In the first opportunity we had for uninterrupted conversation, I tenderly conjured him to make a friend of a sister, who, if she could not remove the cause of his uneasiness, would do all in her power to console him. He embraced me affectionately, and told me his heart was almost breaking for the loss of a most lovely and excellent wife, to whom
he

he had been married nearly three years ; that, as she was a *foreigner*, he had been obliged to keep his marriage a profound secret from my father ; and now he was determined to conceal his disobedience, and bring up a son, whom he had left in the care of a relation in Italy, totally ignorant of his birth until the death of my father, when he would immediately restore him to his rights. I felt such a maternal tenderness for this child of my brother's, that I then promised him, if ever I had a daughter, to do every thing in my power to effect a union between the cousins, and by *that* means restore to his son the fortune of which our grandmother had so unjustly deprived him.

“My brother's wife had been so alarmed at the idea of his returning to England, that

that it hastened the birth of a daughter, who scarcely breathed—and my poor sister survived her child only three days. The inconsolable Glynvale took every necessary precaution in regard to his son, and obeyed the commands of the Earl, by returning to his native land; but it was above a year before he would consent to engage in a second marriage, though my father intended to have had his nuptials celebrated immediately on his arrival. My brother made ill health an excuse for postponing the day, and indeed his looks corresponded with his words. Your aunt was my most intimate friend, she was formed to charm the eye, and engage the affections—her conversation insensibly consoled Glynvale, and he generously confided to her bosom the secret of his first marriage, and bespoke her
her

her maternal love for his son, in case he himself should die before his father.—Glynvale's pathetic little history served only to encrease the love my amiable friend had long conceived for him ; and on the day that I was made the happy bride of Sir Llewellyn Llanmere, she presented her hand to my brother.

“ When you, my Llewella, were born, I renewed my promise to Lord Glynvale in regard to his son, in which promise your father joined me. Since my illness it has been again repeated, and as there is no probability of my living, I have taken the only method *now* in my power to engage your obedience to the wishes of your family, if my nephew has not followed the example of his father, and stolen a marriage.

“ Can the son of my beloved Glynvale be unworthy my daughter? I am sure he cannot.

“ Llewella, my *own Llewella* ! receive, as your dear mother’s legacy, your cousin Glynvale, for by that title he will be introduced to you, if my brother be living when you read this. *Revere* the injunctions of a *dying mother*. My hand trembles—my eyes grow dim——Oh ! with what *pain* I have written *this* my *last request*—obey it, as you *regard* the memory of your expiring mother,

“ Ella Llanmere.”

Duvalvin, after he had perused Lady Wynfrida’s letter, silently watched Llewella ; yet, painful as the awful task appeared, he would not interrupt her ;—
sacred

acred was her grief—natural the tears which flowed for a deceased mother;—his heart throbbed when she folded up the fatal paper—her tears ceased to flow—pale and trembling she arose from her seat; he stepped forward and offered her his hand—she started—looked on him with indescribable agony, and throwing herself into his arms, she inarticulately said:

“O my mother! my mother, *forgive* me; my heart revolts against your choice—it is *fixt*, and *I am wretched!*”

Duvalvin was so overcome with tenderness and grief, that his tears fell on Llewella's face—they roused her—she disengaged herself from his arms, and

E 2

fat down; then, recalling her fortitude to her aid, calmly said:

“Forgive me, my beloved friend, for this weakness—it is *past*, and *hope once more* enlivens me;—read the letter, and you will find no *new* cause for sorrow.—I rely on ‘Glynvale’s’ being attached already.”

“No doubt the Earl took every precaution to prevent *that*; and when he sees *you*, Miss Llanmere, he *must*—he *will*——”

“*Dislike* me, I *most fervently* hope!—Fitz-Alvin, do *you* stay in the pavilion and read *this*, while I walk in the garden, and try to recover my spirits before I see my father, to whom I will not own
that

that I have *read* the letter until I have acquired more tranquillity. I cannot *talk* about it just now to *him*."

"Do not walk alone—permit me to attend you."

"I shall be *better* alone, and I wish *you* to read my mother's letter. I will go to the hermitage, and, if I *can*, converse with good old Morven on this unpleasant subject; you are very dear to him—so was my mother; yet I know he will speak impartially and console me, if it be possible. When you have finished *that*, come to the hermitage, and we will walk back together, when, I hope, I shall be more cheerful."

Duvalvin pressed her hand to his lips,

and stood at the door of the pavilion until she was out of sight, and then, throwing himself into the chair on which Llewella had sat, he read the fatal paper that destroyed his happiness.

CHAP. VI.

Unpleasant Advice.

WHEN the unhappy Llewella attempted to speak to Morven, whom she found alone at the hermitage, sobs interrupted her words—he guessed at the cause of her sorrow, and said :

“My beloved child, I know that your trial is great, but I know also that your noble soul will bear it with fortitude. Your tears are natural, indulge them *now*, while you may do so with *honor*. Mr. Fitz-Alvin is undoubtedly deserving

deserving of your love ; and your father, sensible of his merit, grieves that he cannot be your husband ; but your excellent mother's *last* request——”

“ Will call me to her if I obey it.— Yes, Morven, *if I obey it*, you will sing the nuptial song of the *miserable* Llewella—and soon, *very soon* after, her *funéral dirge*, when she rests in peace in the sepulchre of her ancestors.”

“ No, my lovely pupil, your obedience will give firmness to your mind. You were born to be a blessing to your family—to unite them in the bonds of affection, and surely you will not let a *stranger*, however amiable he may be, destroy *their* happiness and *your* own.”

“ *Mine*

“ *Mine* will be totally *destroyed* by my *obedience*.”

“ And can you preserve it by disobedience? You *know* you *cannot*. If therefore duty will not permit you to accept Mr. Fitz-Alvin’s *love*, secure his *esteem*—his *admiration*, by the rectitude of your conduct. Your father means to leave you to act as *you* think *right*; he will not control you, and he flatters himself that when you find that Lord Glynvale be, in every respect, as amiable as Mr. Fitz-Alvin, for *so* he is represented to be by the Earl, you will not be averse to a match so calculated to promote the felicity of——”

“ Every individual, perhaps, in my family, except *myself*; *I* am to be *sacri-*
E 5 *ficed*

ficed to pride and interest, which you know, my dear Morven, were alone considered in this arbitrary contract, entered into by my parents and uncle for their *infants*; and those all-powerful rulers of mankind still influence the Earl of Rhyndore and Sir Llewellyn Llanmere—but, Oh! Morven, my mother's pure soul is *now above* all earthly passions. Were her angelic spirit permitted to visit us, can you imagine that it would say to me—'Go, my Llewella, to the altar with my brother's heir—to *him alone* I command you to plight the sacred nuptial vow, because that alliance will bestow a title on yourself and your descendants—it will combine two immense fortunes, grandeur and riches will attend you both and blessed with those treasures,

you

‘you *cannot* be unhappy?’ Morven, my *good instructor* ! would *this* be the advice or the commands of an angel?’

“Were *angels* permitted to be our visible directors, they would not be influenced by grandeur or wealth, yet *their* advice would *seem* to be as destructive to our *mortal* plans of happiness as *this* is to *yours*. God himself denounces a curse against those who are disobedient to parents. Isaac argued not with Abraham—he patiently resigned himself to the will of his father.”

“Isaac was only to *die*—he was not commanded to make false vows at the sacred altar—*vows* uttered by the *tongue*, which the *heart* disdained to ratify. Can duty to my parents justify deceit and

perjury in the performance of holy rites? ”

“ No, my dear child, it commands you to conquer all rebellious inclinations, and render your heart humbly acquiescent unto parental authority.”

“ I did not think *you* would have been so *rigid*. I came to you for consolation, but, alas! *I have no friend*; even Fitz-Alvin argues on the side of duty ;—*love* has *no* advocate except the *heart* of *Llewella*.”

“ You amaze me! Can Fitz-Alvin be so nobly *disinterested*? then he is *worthy* of you; and O, may heaven reward him for his generous conduct! You say I am rigid—that you have no friend.

friend. Suppose *Fitz-Alvin*, forgetful of your duty and honor, conjured you to obey the dictates of love alone, and consent to marry him privately; and suppose *I* persuaded you to comply, and assisted you to elope, should we be your *friends*, Llewella?"

“O no, my *enemies*. I could *not* be persuaded to take such an imprudent step; or if I were, I should *never* be *happy*:—yet *now* I feel *very miserable*, and no one will sooth or flatter me—no one will kindly bid me *hope*. I look at my father, and smiling affection seems banished by frowning authority:—I converse with *Fitz-Alvin*, and the animated lover is changed to a grave monitor:—I come to the hermitage, and the charming songs and cheerful stories of
Morven

Morven no longer entertain me—in their stead I receive discordant reproof, and hear unpleasant arguments:—I look into my own bosom, which was so lately the abode of peace and joy, and there reign tumult and despair; for Glynvale *will come*, and Llewella *must be sacrificed*.”

She could no longer restrain her tears—sobs convulsed her bosom; Duvalvin entered the hermitage at this interesting moment, pale, agitated, hopeless. The *first* letter he had read described Glynvale as every thing that was amiable and captivating; the *second* contained an irresistible request that Llewella would marry this unexceptionable rival.

The situation in which he found
Llewella

Llewella rendered him unable to speak—he would have rushed out of the cell to conceal his weakness, but she caught his hand; and after several attempts to speak articulately, her voice acquired firmness sufficient to say :

“ Do not *leave* me—it is *your presence* alone which can inspire me with fortitude—yes, *with you* I can endure misery, but *without you* I should *die*. As Wynfrida loves *her brother*, *I* will love *you*. My father calls you his adopted son;—then let us consider one another as brother and sister;—*such* an attachment, even my *father* will sanction with his approbation, nor *can* Morven condemn it.”

“ At *present* I cannot—nor will I *ever*
if

if it does not interfere with higher duties.”

“ That shall be *my* care, my good instructor ; fear me not ;—come with us to the castle, and teach this *brother* of mine the use of his tongue. Women relieve their oppressed hearts by tears and complaints ;—men proudly conceal their affliction, and suffer more poignantly from their sullen taciturnity :—Is it not true ? ”

“ Oh ! my Llewella, my sufferings are beyond expression—this letter——”

“ Has wounded us both, my brother ; and if we have not the strength to recover, we must *die*. The arrival of my uncle will decide our fate—may bring

us

us happiness, perhaps;—we know not what may be in store for us—my spirits revive—let not my father discover our uneasiness. *Dear Fitz-Alvin, for my sake, endeavor to be cheerful.*”

“*Your* spirits, my Llewella, will revive *mine*, but I cannot support your grief, it crushes my very soul to pieces, for *I* am the cause of it;—had I never come to Llanmere, *you* would have been happy.”

“You are mistaken; my heart would have revolted against a compulsive marriage, though I had never seen you.—We have no reason to condemn ourselves. I knew not that I had been contracted before I was born—I imagined I was free to choose. My father
apparently

apparently encouraged the supposition—he neither checked my sorrow for your illness, nor my joy at your recovery. I playfully bound you in a flowery chain, and you, obeying the laws of gallantry, confessed the power of your conqueror. We deserve not the unexpected, *cruel* fate which threatens to destroy our mutual happiness. May heaven avert it!—Fitz-Alvin, I shall never regret that my heart was sensible of your merit; nor will *you*, I hope, ever repent that yours was partial to Llewella.”

“O, my Llewella! if I be denied the bliss of publicly glorying in my love for you, yet still it will glow in my heart to its latest throb—nor even *then* will it expire!—ascending with my spirit, it will

will endure *for ever* ! it cannot perish with my mortal frame, for surely we shall meet in heaven !”

“ Yes, my Fitz-Alvin, and *then* we shall be *happy*.”

“ My beloved children, I hope to see you happy in *this* world—do not despair, many things may prevent this dreaded marriage—think not of it until Lord Glynvale comes. In looking over some old papers to-day, I found a little tale, which, I believe, you have never read ; take it with you, Llewella, and while reading the woes of Clarabel, you will forget your own. There, my child, sit down in the garden, and read it to Mr. Fitz-Alvin before you enter the castle.”

Llewella

Llewella took the manuscript, and thanked the good Morven for giving her something to divert her thoughts from the gloomy shades of futurity. She immediately repaired with Fitz-Alvin to her favorite bower, and began to read as follows :

CHAP. VII.

LEONTINE AND CLARABEL.

A

Tale of Wonder.

THOUGH his gold fringed couch false Sir Leontine prest,
No sleep closed his eye-lids, no peace sooth'd his breast;
Proud, treacherous, faithless, what peace could he find,
When Clarabel's wrongs with remorse filled his mind?

Sadly thoughtful he gaz'd on his lamp's glim'ring light,
'Till a blast from the casement extinguish'd it quite:
Dark, *dark* was the night, not one star's cheering beam
Thro' the wide sable wings of the tempest could gleam.

Round

Round the castle the storm-dæmon whistles and groans,
 He shakes from the turrets the moss-covered stones,
 Rolls them awfully down the black rock's rugged side,
 Or hurls them at once in the loud-roaring tide.

The storm to their base shook the castle's strong walls,
 And terror the heart of the false knight appals ;

" O spare me to night !" said the sad Leontine,

" O spare me to night, thou just Power divine !

" To-morrow, *to-morrow* I'll wed Clarabel ;

" To-morrow, to-morrow her sorrow dispel !

" Unattended I'll go, and my fair one surprise,

" Joy will crimson her cheeks, rapture beam from her
 " eyes.

" I know she will pardon her penitent knight,

" She will give me her hand with a smile of delight ;

" My faults she'll forgive when my vows I renew,

" For Clarabel *loves*—she is *artless* and *true*.

" She will say—' Can it be ! is Sir Leontine here !

" *Here*, vowing to love me ! and *is* he *sincere* ?

" Again do I see him ! again hear his voice !

" Ah ! *dare* I believe him ?—Ah ! *dare* I rejoice ?

" To-

" To-morrow, my Clarabel, thou shalt be *mine*,
" My pride and ambition for thee I'll resign—"
Now a sigh's gentle murmur Sir Leontine hears!
And thro' his silk curtains a pale light appears.

The gold fringes tremble, the curtains divide,
And a pale shrouded spectre stands close by his side;
'Tis the form, 'tis the face of his dear Clarabel!
Tho' faded and ghastly, he knows them full well.

A halo surrounds her of faint dusky light
That freezes the soul as it gleams on the sight.
The *rude* winds no more rage the castle around,
Their tumult is hush'd into silence profound.

Her voice broke the pause—and on Clarabel's tongue,
E'en in death, the soft graces of harmony hung;
Mild and languid her glaz'd eyes love only express'd,
While *thus* the pale terrified Knight she address'd :

" At *last* thou art *true*, thy affections are *mine*!
" And heaven will bless thee, my *own* Leontine!
" Thy resolves, thy repentance, have alter'd thy fate;
" Nor for *thee* does the dæmon of *perjury* wait.

" The

“ The dark fiend forsook thee just now with a yell,

“ Which echoed along the deep caverns of hell;

“ He trembled when forc’d to relinquish his prey,

“ And, enraged, hurl’d thy time-honor’d oaks far away.

“ Tho’ still on the castle’s high tower he stands,

“ His torch and his scorpions have dropp’d from his
hands;

“ He folds his black wings round his head in despair,

“ And their bitumen feeds the foul snakes in his hair.

“ While angels collect thy pure thoughts and thy sighs,

“ And rapidly bear them with joy to the skies;

“ At mercy’s high throne hallelujahs they sing,

“ For thy pardon is seal’d by eternity’s king.

“ And *I*, thy poor victim, permitted by heaven,

“ Come *here* to inform thee, thy *faults* are *forgiven*;

“ O were they not ever forgiven by *me*?

“ E’en my soul past my lips in a *blessing* for *thee*!

“ Now list, O, Sir Leontine, list, while I tell

“ The joys and the griefs which destroy’d Clarabel;

“ Ah, few were the *joys* in *my* circle of time!

“ Yet they all sprang from love, and were truly sublime.

“ O, *blissful*

“ O! *blissful* the moments when Leontine swore,
“ Disdaining the maids deck'd with fortune's rich store,
“ That he lov'd *only me*—lov'd the charms of my mind,
“ Nature's simplest gifts by my parents refin'd!

“ To these parents so dear, I owed not only birth,
“ But all the perfections *their rich souls* were worth;
“ No *wealth* could they give me—their *fortune* was *small*,
“ Tho' the shields of my ancestors hung in our hall.

“ By the shields of my fathers a harp also hung,
“ And over it ever-green chaplets were flung;
“ For it once had been tuned by a minstrel divine;
“ I gazed on the harp, and I wish'd it were *mine*.

“ I struck with weak fingers the chords, when a child,
“ And sang simple ballads to melody wild;
“ But when my soul *love* and Sir Leontine knew,
“ More perfect the lays and the melody grew.

“ Then, expecting the day that would make me thy bride,
“ How throb'd my fond bosom with rapture and pride!
“ And such *rapture*, such pride *my fond bosom* had felt,
“ Had'st thou, a poor hind, in a lowly cot dwelt.

“ What trifles to me, when compared to *thyself*,
“ Were titles, state, jewels, and glittering pelf !
“ Those baubles vain fools on still vainer bestow,
“ In whose cold hearts the pure flame of love cannot glow.

“ Ah ! soon was *thyself*, the bright *sun* of *my* day,
“ From Clarabel's arms by stern war torn away ;
“ Then what fancies, what sad dreams distracted my head,
“ Of Leontine *wounded* !—of Leontine *dead* !

“ How dreadful thy absence that tedious campaign !
“ No amusements could cheer me, I shunn'd the gay train ;
“ I pensively sat with my harp at my knee,
“ And sang love-lorn ditties while weeping for thee.

“ Rich suitors I had—of my scorn they complain'd—
“ Themselves and their riches my *fixt* soul disdain'd ;
“ Exulting I told them at once to depart,
“ For Sir Leontine reign'd in his Clarabel's heart.

“ And did'st thou not find me still constant and true ?
“ And did I not joy my fond vows to renew ?
“ Whenever my warrior—my *love* left the plain,
“ To sooth by his presence my heart-rending pain ?

“ *Ecstatic*

- “ *Ecstatic*, tho’ *short*, were those visits to *me*;
“ With what pleasure I gaz’d on the blossoming tree !
“ Then *blossom’d my hopes*, for the gaily plum’d spring
“ Has oftentimes wafted my love on her wing.

“ *She* brought thee at *last*, when the campaign was o’er,
“ And thou told’st me thy absence should grieve me no
“ more ;
“ Tho’ fatigued with thy journey by day and by night,
“ Thy tongue spoke of love, and thine eyes beam’d delight.

“ Again did the fun of my happiness rise
“ To dry all my tears, and dispel all my sighs,
“ For when to my Leontine’s heart I was press’d,
“ My rapt soul forgot she was ever distress’d.

“ For a *short time* forgot it;—the meteor’s ray,
“ Which *I* took for the *sun*, swiftly faded away;
“ Alas ! it was transient and treach’rous, tho’ bright—
“ It dazzled—then left me, envelop’d in night.

“ Sir Leontine soon of his laurels too proud,
“ Doom’d *me* to *despair*, to *disease*, and this *shroud*;
“ Alone, *all alone* in the world I was left,
“ Of all my relations by grim death bereft.

" Yet *all* those relations in *thee* I'd have found,

" Had Clarabel's love been by Leontine's crown'd ;

" But forsaken by *thee*, my sad life was all gloom,

" As *lonely*, as *chilling*, as *dark* as the tomb.

" Alone, *all alone*, with my harp at my knee,

" I sang, O, my Leontine! still sang of thee,

" While tears o'er my harp-strings continued to flow,

" And my hair hung uncurl'd from the willow of woe.

" *Unseen* were my *tears*, and *unheard* was my *song*,

" While thou entertain'd in thy castle a throng

" Of rich knights and fair ladies, in splendid array,

" Who made the walls echo with revelry gay.

" Thy windows illumin'd by tapers so bright,

" On *me*, dying outcast, beam'd proudly their light ;

" I said, in an agony, who dares preside

" In Leontine's castle, when *here* sits *his* bride ?

" Then with loud jocund music I heard thy halls ring,

" To *me* it was borne on the night's silent wing ;

" I started, I trembled, *despairing* look'd round,

" Then, with breaking heart, fled from the rebeck's gay
found.

" On

" On the grave of my kindred I sat all alone,

" Cold, silent, and sad, like an image of stone ;

" I saw death :approaching and felt no alarms,

" I met him with joy, and *reposed* in his arms.

" In paradise *I* have prepar'd *thee* a bower,

" And adorn'd the green treillage with many a flower ;

" I petition'd good angels to make thee their care,

" And to Mercy *how ardent* for *thee* was *my* prayer !

" To-morrow, *to-morrow*, *my own* Leontine,

" To-morrow, in *bliss*, will *my* spirit meet *thine* :

" My disguise is terrific, I'll throw it aside,

" Behold in her splendor thy heavenly bride."

—The pale deadly halo of cold gleaming white,

Was changed to a soul-cheering radiant light ;

From the fair form of Clarabel fell the sad shroud,

And roll'd under her feet like a bright fleecy cloud.

Around her a light azure drapery flew,

Thin air was the texture, celestial the hue ;

Bright rays through her bosom resplendently dart

From the flame of *true love*, burning pure in her heart.

On her ringlets, releas'd from the willow of woe,
The flowers of paradise brilliantly glow,
The rainbow's gay colours their foliage adorn,
And their *radiance* beams like the first rays of morn.

"No longer, *no longer* must I linger here,
"For soon," said the spirit, "the dawn will appear;
"Till to-morrow, to-morrow, my dear love farewell:
"To-morrow, in bliss, thou wilt meet Clarabel."

She wav'd her fair hand with a grace most benign—
She smil'd on her love, and her smile was divine:—
Slowly borne on the cloud, the blest spirit arose,
And slowly the cloud did the spirit enclose.

She was met on her way by a heavenly throng,
Who hail'd her ascension with jubilant song.
As Clarabel vanished, the Knight heard the strain—
It cheer'd his sad soul, and it soften'd his pain.

But so *awful* the *gloom*, when the spirit was fled,
And so *awful* the *silence*—he trembled with dread!
One moment he fear'd the black dæmon of hell—
The *next* hoped for bliss with his dear Clarabel.

He lamented the blessings he might have enjoy'd
With the *dear one* his cruel ambition destroy'd :
False, perjur'd, inhuman—how doubtful his fate !
He repented—but, ah ! he repented *too late* !

His agoniz'd soul was o'erwhelm'd by despair,
Yet he strove to relieve it by penitent prayer ;
His frame was convuls'd with the sharp pangs of death—
His languid pulse flutter'd, and short grew his breath.

He beheld through his casement the day rising fast,
And the *day* that was *rising* he knew was *his last* ;
The castle clock struck, and he counted it *four*—
He counted it *then*, but should count it *no more* !

On his laurel-crown'd temples the chilling dew hung—
His pale lips were parch'd, and unnerv'd was his tongue ;
His fixt eyes no longer could view the bright day,
For blasted by death, all his senses decay.

The castle clock chimed—the sound made him start—
His life-blood flow'd painfully back to his heart ;
The breath that was rising retreated again,
And the *life-blood congealing*, his heart burst in twain !

The morrow was come, but *his morrows* were o'er—
The morrow was come, and the Knight breath'd no more.
His attendants, amaz'd, found Sir Leontine dead;
His *remains* lay in state, but his spirit had fled—

Had happily fled from the dæmon of hell
To the heavenly spirit of fair Clarabel;
Together they dwell in the regions above;
Their *bliss* is *eternal—eternal* their love.

The appearance of Sir Llewellyn, who was just returned from a visit which he had been paying some miles distant, prevented all their remarks on the tale of wonder, which Miss Llanmere told her father Mr. Fitz-Alvin should read to him after supper. They took a walk in the garden; and the conversation
turning

turning chiefly on the family Sir Llewellyn had visited, both Frederic and Llewella recovered an apparent tranquillity before they entered the castle.

CHAP. VIII.

The Meeting.

FOR some weeks the pleasureable and interesting occupations of Llewella and Duvalvin met with no interruption ; —they seemed to have forgotten Glynvale, and to *live* but for each other, when one morning as they were with Sir Llewellyn fishing upon the lake, a servant came and put an end to their sport, and to the happiness of the lovers, by announcing the Earl of Rhyndore, Lord Glynvale, and Lady Wynfrida Penrhys. Poor Llewella appeared scarcely able to
suppor

support herself—and Duvalvin's terror, lest she should faint, made him exert all his fortitude to encourage her to meet her relations with becoming affection.— Trembling and pale she approached the castle, leaning on her father's arm—Duvalvin kept behind, endeavouring to calm his agitated spirits.

At the entrance of the shrubbery they were met by the Earl, his son and daughter. Lord Rhyndore embraced Llewella very tenderly, and said :

“ My beloved niece, I have a *new* relation to present to you, who is the pride of his fond father's heart, and deserving of your tenderest affection.”

Wynfrida fondly pressed her beloved

cousin to her bosom, and Lord Glynvale saluted Miss Llanmere with an easy gracefulness, and he justified, in every respect, the eulogium bestowed on him by his partial sister; for even Llewella thought that he could not be excelled but by the elegant Fitz-Alvin.

Lady Wynfrida entreated her father and uncle to prolong their walk; and placing Lord Glynvale between herself and her cousin Llewella, he affectionately passed an arm of each through his own, and, without noticing the too visible embarrassment of Miss Llanmere, he was most gallantly expatiating on his happiness in being at last introduced to so many dear relatives, when, suddenly he paused—turned pale—held the hands of his sister and Llewella

wella with a convulsive grasp, and staring wildly, exclaimed :

“ O God ! it is *just* !—My brain, my brain !—See, see ! ”

“ My brother !—Dear Glynvale, what is the matter ? ”

“ Behold !—*behold him* ! ”

“ O heaven !—dear brother !—father !—uncle !—we cannot support him—he falls ! ”

Before the Earl or Sir Llewellyn, who were at some distance, could catch him, Lord Glynvale fell to the ground, and Lady Wynfrida sank down by his side.

Duvalvin

Duvalvin flew to their assistance, and begged Llewella to take care of the lady, who lay almost as inanimate as her brother, while the alarmed father bent over his children, pale and speechless as themselves. The uncle was scarcely less alarmed;—with trembling hands he assisted to raise his apparently dead nephew from the ground. He had fallen on his face, and it was with great difficulty that Sir Llewellyn and Duvalvin lifted him up, and seated him upon the grass by his sister, who was a little recovered—she fondly supported his head on her bosom. He opened his languid eyes, and looking with fearful terror, exclaimed in the same frenzied manner :

“ Still there ! I cannot live ! ”

Duvalvin

Duvalvin threw himself upon his knees by Lord Glynvale, and taking his hand affectionately, gently whispered :

“ I am no illusive phantom, my Lorenzo :—Heaven has most graciously preserved me!—Be calm, my cousin.”

Llewella started back with horror from her new-found cousin, and clasping her father, cried, in a voice of agony :

“ He is *here*!—he is *here*, my father—he will kill Fitz-Alvin! ”

Di Rozezzi, for it *was* he indeed, whom the Earl of Rhyndore introduced to the world as his long-concealed son, now, in a transport of joy, exclaimed :

“ I have

“ I have *not murdered* him!—my Frederic *lives!*——Merciful God!—is it possible!—Frederic, I have been a villain!—even the heart-rending remorse which I have suffered since I left you, cannot expiate my crimes. Frederic, with *this* dagger *I* stabbed you at the ruins of San Pietro—take it to revenge *that deed*. I left you to starve in the dungeon of the Castella della Balza—take my life, it is *yours*. Behold my distracted bosom, strike *deep* and *end* my torments.”

“ O no, my Lorenzo!—live, and be happy. Live to be a blessing to your honorable father—to be a protector for your lovely sister—and to bless your Frederic, who will *forgive—forget* every thing but that you were the dear companion

panion of my life. Lorenzo, my friend, be tranquillized ! ”

“ *Never !* Your kindness distracts me—I cannot forgive myself—I cannot live, disgraced, despised. Lord Rhyn-dore, I am a *wretch—forget me ;* Wyn-frida, *pity me—I loved you far beyond a brother’s love.* Sweet innocent, *caress* me not—yet, Wynfrida, do not *hate* my memory. Frederic, *you are revenged,* and *I am nothing.* ”

In a moment the dagger was buried in the bosom of Lorenzo Di Rozezzi ;—the white robe of his sister was covered with his blood, and they both fell senseless at the feet of Lord Rhyndore. Sir Llewellyn Llanmere supported his unfortunate brother, or he must have fallen with them.

Llewella

Llewella ran wildly towards the castle, screaming for help ;—her father, who, though greatly terrified, was the most collected of the melancholy groupe, said to the petrified Duvalvin.

“ *I cannot leave my brother—dear Fitz-Alvin, follow my child, my darling Llewella—she will sink to the ground before she can gain the castle. We shall lose *all* our children—follow my child, Fitz Alvin, and tell Doctor Morgan to come here immediately.*”

Doctor Morgan, from his window, beheld the terrified Llewella—her speed—the horror expressed in her looks, added to her being alone, made him imagine that either Sir Llewellyn Llanmere, or Mr. Fitz-Alvin had fallen into the lake,

lake, and he immediately hastened down to meet her. When she saw the Doctor, she was incapable of uttering any more words than——

“ Help! help! ”

And overcome by amazement and terror, fell breathless at his feet, before his extended arms could catch her. Duvalvin saw her fall—he flew—he took her up, but was unable to support her. The Doctor, seeing how greatly he was disordered, took Miss Llanmere gently from him, and said

“ For God’s sake, sit down, my dear Sir, and endeavor to recover yourself, while I take Miss Llanmere to her chamber, for until I have left her in the
care

care of Marian, I dare not ask what dreadful misfortune has happened."

"O, Doctor! leave that angel with me, and fly to save Lorenzo, who, without *immediate* aid, will expire. Dear Doctor, make no delay."

"Who is Lorenzo? What accident has happened to him?—tell me as you assist me to support Miss Llanmere—I cannot take her up stairs without help. Good heaven! how you tremble!—you can scarcely support yourself. O, here are some of the servants, they will aid us."

The gardeners, who had heard Llewella scream, and seen her run past them in an agony of distress, had followed her to enquire the cause of it; and now
assisted

assisted to convey her to her chamber. The moment she recovered animation, the Doctor and Duvalvin left her to the care of Marian, and hastened to the unfortunate Lorenzo.

CHAP. IX.

Distraction.

WHEN they arrived at the fatal spot, Doctor Morgan's humane heart was greatly affected at the pathetic scene which presented itself to his view. Lord Rhyndore was kneeling in silent despair by his lifeless children, for Lady Wynfrida, overcome by her fruitless endeavors to stop the effusion of blood which flowed from the bosom of her beloved brother, had fainted; and Sir Llewellyn held her robe, that she had folded up very thick, against the wound, which

which had such an alarming appearance, that the Doctor feared life would never more animate the fine form that lay before him. It was impossible to move Lord Glynvale without restoring his sister to a miserable existence;—his head rested upon her right arm—*hers* upon his bosom, and their left hands were firmly clasped together. Roused by the difficulty of separating them, Lady Wynfrida started up, and, with a frenzied look, eagerly grasped the hand they were taking from her, and pressing it tenderly to her bosom, exclaimed:

“They shall not part us, my brother never, *never*. Ah! my father, look, *look* at your beautiful son, my *poor father*!—see, he is *dead*! Can we survive him?—O *no*! for our lives were entwined with
his;

his; and that *cruel* dagger has destroyed us *all three* in a moment, when we were *so blest*! Oh! my brother, my *brother*! why did we come *here*! Well, well, we will take him back to Glynvale castle, and be happy once more—happy! no, no, no!—Glynvale is *dead*—his dear, dear hand is *cold*—it has chilled *my heart*. —Look at me—speak to thy Wynfrida, my Glynvale—no—he *cannot*—for I am covered with his blood. This is *my mourning* for him—my dreadful, *dreadful* mourning!—Oh! my head! I cannot shed one tear—*not one*—but I feel that my heart is breaking;—and yours—*yours* is *breaking* too, my dear father, for our poor Glynvale.”

“Oh! my children! my children!—my lifeless boy!—my distracted girl!—
miserable,

miserable, miserable father that I am, to behold my children thus !”

Lady Wynfrida was affected at his grief—she embraced him tenderly ;—Doctor Morgan requested that Sir Llewellyn would endeavor to detain the Earl and his daughter, until Lord Glynvale was put into bed, for he said if he recovered his senses, by the motion of carrying him along, and beheld his sister’s situation, it might be fatal to him, as the least agitation in his present state would most probably occasion his death.

Poor Sir Llewellyn was so greatly distressed himself, that he knew not how to speak comfort to his afflicted brother and the frenzied Wynfrida ; he wished for Llewella and for Fitz-Alvin to share

his melancholy task, but the one was ill and unable to come to him; the other was walking by the side of his apparently dead cousin, and stood in need of consolation himself.

The Earl, who thought that his son was irrevocably lost, bestowed all his attention on his daughter, and returned, most affectionately, her endearing caresses, which had lulled her into a transient forgetfulness, until she missed her brother—she started up, and looked wildly on all sides for him—then frantically exclaimed :

“I have lost him!—I have *lost* him!—O, my father! they have taken away our Glynvale:—my dear uncle, tell me where he is?”

“At

“ At the castle, my sweet girl, and you shall go there and change these clothes.”

“ No, no, I will be buried with him in this dress—I *promised* him that I would.”

“ Talk not of being buried, my dear niece, Doctor Morgan will take care of your brother;—he will put him to bed, and dress his wound.”

“ Yes, and put on his shroud, and lay him in his coffin. I wore black for my grandfather until to-day, when I put on a white robe to come to Llanmere with my brother, and *see* what it be *now*; no one would like to look at it but myself—dear and precious it is to *me*—I will

wrap myself up in it, and die *so* quietly! —I want no *dagger*. Llewella ran away from my poor Glynvale—she would not stay by him as I did, and hold him in her arms, and cover his bleeding bosom with her robe;—no, no, it was only his Wynfrida who would do all that for him;—*who* can love so well as *I* do?”

“ Dear Llewellyn, what can be done to comfort this afflicted girl? Merciful God! restore her senses!”

Before Sir Llewellyn could answer the Earl, Duvalvin came to them, and said:

“ Thank heaven! Lord Glynvale is not dead, nor is his wound mortal. Doctor Morgan has very great hopes of
a speedy

a speedy cure for the wound, if his mind can be kept tranquil."

Lady Wynfrida paid no attention to what was said. The Earl exclaimed:

"Blessed news! my son *lives*!—he may recover! Blessed news, my Wynfrida! your dear brother lives!"

"Yes, I know he does in heaven, and we will go to him."

"Dear lady, he lives in Llanmere castle—he had only fainted from loss of blood."

"I *saved* it too, as much as ever I could, but it flowed *so fast*—all over me

—look, Sir—and then he was *dead* and *cold*.”

“ Be assured, dear lady, that Lord Glynvale is alive, and likely to recover, I hope.”

“ O, my father ! can it be true ? ”

“ Yes, my love, you will see your beloved brother alive—you will talk to him again, and we shall all be happy.”

Lady Wynfrida seemed to consider;—she let them lift her up, and silently accepted Duvalvin’s offered arm ; then looking very earnestly at him, she said :

“ You are very like my brother, and for *that* reason I cannot *hate* you ; yet, I
thought

thought I should, because you made him kill himself."

"He is not dead, Lady Wynfrida ; if he *were*, I should grieve like *you*, for I have loved him as a brother from my earliest remembrance."

"But, Sir, I loved him all at once—yes, *all at once*.—Oh ! my dear brother ! Are we going to him?"

"We are, my child ; you shall be his tender nurse—your care will make him well."

"Alas ! I fear that you all deceive me—I saw the dagger in his bosom—he was pale and cold ; I remember all that, yet you *tell* me he is *alive* !—these hands,

look at them, and at these clothes—
what do *they* say?”

“That your brother is *wounded*, my love; but you know that wounds do not always destroy the life. Llewellyn, when this dear girl has changed her dress, she shall have the satisfaction of seeing Glynvale just for one minute.”

“I hope my poor Llewella will be able to assist and console Wynfrida. Do you know, Fitz-Alvin, how my daughter is?”

“Much better, Sir, yet I think that it will be proper to prepare her to receive Lady Wynfrida, whose appearance in that state may alarm her too much.”

“You

“ You are right ; hasten on before us —we will follow slowly with my niece.”

“ Walk fast, uncle ; how very slowly you creep along, when I am in such a hurry to see Glynvale. I shall sit by him until he be buried—I have so many things to say to him! Oh! my head is so bad!—it will be quite well when I see my brother.”

“ You shall see him, my angel, but *talking* will make him ill.”

She put her finger on her lip, and continued silent until she entered the castle, where they found Miss Llanmere foothed into some degree of tranquillity, by the ever gentle Duvalvin, who had recovered his usual calmness from the

moment Doctor Morgan said that Lorenzo might survive the rash action ; yet, notwithstanding his representation of Lady Wynfrida's melancholy situation, Llewella could not behold her without being so greatly shocked, that he was apprehensive she would faint again, and supported her tenderly in his arms :— Wynfrida, gazing earnestly at them, said, emphatically :

“ *Happy Llewella ! your new brother is not dead, I was happy this morning.* ”

“ My dear Wynfrida, so you will again I hope.”

“ *Never, until I meet Glynvale in heaven. He is all my own now ;—I would have shared his affections with*
you, ”

you, my Llewella, but now that you have got a brother so very like him, you will let me have *mine all to myself*. It is strange for my father and yours to find sons just at the same time, and so much alike! You love your *own* brother better than you do *mine*—do you not, my cousin? Alas! *mine* is *gone*!—Why do *you* weep? *I cannot.*”

“I wish that you could, my dear Wynfrida; tears would relieve your distressed mind.”

“Llewella, if *this* brother of yours were lying pale and *dead*—if *you* were covered as I am, with the blood which had flowed from *his* poor, wounded bosom, would *tears* relieve *your mind*?—Oh! no, no! your brain would burn

—and your heart would freeze like *mine.*”

Doctor Morgan came in, and said;

“Lord Glynvale’s wound is dressed, and he is perfectly in his senses; he earnestly requests me to permit him to see all his family, and he must be indulged, for the disturbed state of his mind may be more fatal, were I to refuse, than the emotions occasioned by speaking to those who are dear to him. I flatter myself that he will be composed after the desired interview, and that it will also give a happy turn to Lady Wynfrida’s disorder, therefore, dear Miss Llanmere, give the necessary orders about clothes for her immediately, as no time must be lost.”

Lady

Lady Wynfrida, while Marian was changing her dress, appeared to be quite exhausted ; she spoke but little, and was perfectly indifferent in regard to what was pulled off or put on.

Llewella was so extremely affected at her beloved cousin's insensibility, that she wept incessantly, and dreaded that the sight of Lord Glynvale would change the melancholy silence she had fallen into, while she was dressing, to frenzied exclamations, which would be still more terrible. However, in obedience to the Doctor's request, she hastened Marian, and when Lady Wynfrida was fit to appear, Llewella took her passive hand, and led her to the afflicted party, who were waiting for them.

CHAP. X.

A Painful Effort.

AS they were going along the gallery which led to Lord Glynvale's chamber, Lady Wynfrida said :

“ Now poor Glynvale and I are going to be buried both together ;—Llewella will not come into the grave and take him from me :—no ; *there* he will be my *own*. Llewella loves him not—she would let him go into the dark, cold tomb by himself. *I* will go with him.”

The

The moment that they entered the chamber Wynfrida darted to the bed—her brother was sitting up in it, supported by pillows—she looked joyfully surprised, and put her hand before his lips to feel if he breathed; he held it there, and kissed it affectionately, while his languid eyes were fixed on hers with tender, yet melancholy expression. She exclaimed rapturously :

“ You are *alive*, my brother !—your eyes can look at me !—your breath is warm ! and this dear hand presses mine ! Oh ! my Glynvale ! See, my father, our darling *lives* ! ”

“ My beloved Wynfrida ! I do not deserve this tenderness.”

“ He

“He speaks to me! I thought you would never speak to me again, my brother!—what bliss!—you will not die! we shall be *happy*, my Glynvale.”

She sank down upon her knees by the bed, and *wept* tears of joy at finding her beloved brother alive, and able to converse with her. The Earl seeing that his son was greatly agitated by her apparent distress, said :

“Be not alarmed at your sister’s tears; my dear boy, they will restore her senses—she has been quite deranged since your accident—her agony has been wild and tearless. Do not exert yourself too much, do not let me lose you, my son.”

“I do not deserve this paternal affection,

affection, my Lord. Frederic, lift up that suffering angel ; see how she weeps for a wretch like me.”

As Duvalvin gently lifted up Lady Wynfrida, she held Lord Glynvale's hand with both hers, and said, beseechingly :

“ For God's sake, Sir, let me stay by him. Dear brother, do not let them take me away from you—let me sit silently by you, and hold your hand, and watch your looks—do not deny me that happiness. Llewella will not be jealous of *me*, because I am your *sister* ;—am I not, my beloved Glynvale ? ”

“ You shall stay by him, my love ;—will your sister incommode you, my son,
if

if she sits by you upon the bed a little while?"

"O no! I shall be blest to have her near me."

"Now my dear children, endeavor to be tranquil—live for your poor father's sake, my darlings."

The Earl fondly embraced them both—he joined their hands; and then dropping on his knees, said fervently :

"Oh! gracious heaven! spare my children!—punish not my filial disobedience by afflictions so hard to be endured as a daughter's frenzy and a son's suicide! O God! forgive the crimes which urged him to the fatal deed—and,
Oh!

Oh! forgive the *deed itself*! He is the child of disobedience—I forsook him!—*I forsook my first-born son!*—I instructed not his infancy—I guarded not his youth from error—*his crimes are mine!* Spare him, Oh! spare my son——”

His voice faltered—he leaned his head upon the bed—his sobs were audible and affecting—every one in the room sympathized with the distressed father;—his son first broke the solemn pause by saying very inarticulately:

“Lord Rhyndore, do not accuse yourself for my guilt—forgive me, Oh! forgive me! My *cousin*, I have been your *only* enemy—you know my *crimes*, but you do not know my *remorse*—you know not the *tortures* which my mind has suffered

suffered—I cannot tell you now, or surely you would pardon me.”

“ I do, *I do*, most *sincerely*. Yes, my dear Lorenzo, I know that your sufferings have expiated your errors; let us again be friends and brothers.”

“ Ah! *brothers!* no, it is impossible! *Brothers!*—that were bliss indeed—a reward for perfection like your own; *I* never, *never* can deserve that title. My lord, from my guilty hand receive a son, who will be your glory—your blessing.—Wynfrida, *dear* Wynfrida, he alone is worthy to be your——”

Lord Glynvale could not proceed, he was seized suddenly with a violent hæmorrhage, caused by his exertion, which

which alarmed every one, except Doctor Morgan, who expected such an event from the nature of the wound, and assured them it was a common, but not a dangerous attendant on all wounds situated as Lord Glynvale's was; and Lady Wynfrida, who luckily escaped the terror which her brother's state would have given her, by having concealed her face upon a pillow behind him, where she had wept without ceasing, during the time that her father and he were speaking; and when Lord Glynvale paused so suddenly, without uttering the word 'husband,' which she expected, and dreaded to hear, she felt relieved by his silence; nor would she lift up her head to know the cause, lest she should behold the man to whom her brother was so willing to give her.

Lord

Lord Glynvale was so faint, from the effusion of blood, that the doctor requested he might be left alone with him; and Lady Wynfrida, now stupified by a violent pain in her head, was prevailed on to leave her brother to repose, and endeavor to get some herself, as her spirits were quite exhausted.

As Glynvale castle was only ten miles from Llanmere, the Earl always returned home at night, except in winter; no preparations had therefore been made on either side, for more than one day's visit. Sir Llewellyn requested Lord Rhyndore to reside entirely at Llanmere until his son was perfectly recovered, as neither Lady Wynfrida nor himself could be easy at Glynvale castle, without its newly-found heir. The Earl accepted

cepted the invitation with pleasure, and sent immediately to inform his family of the accident, and to desire his *own*, Lord Glynvale's, and Lady Wynfrida's personal attendants to come to Llanmere, with a suitable wardrobe for them.

Duvalvin having experienced the tender care of Gwyneth Aprice, during his own illness, he desired that she might be sent for to attend his cousin; and he soon had the satisfaction of conducting that worthy woman to the chamber of Lord Glynvale, and also of proving his gratitude by the character he gave her for tenderness and attention. Gwyneth was too prudent to disturb the invalid by verbal thanks; humble courtesies and affectionate looks silently expressed her grateful acknowledgements to the revered
preserver

preserver of her little Owen. Lord Glynvale held out his hand to Duvalvin, and said, very faintly :

“ Is it possible that you can be so considerate!—so kindly forgiving! Once more pronounce my pardon, and I will endeavor to live.”

“ My dear Lorenzo! as I hope that merciful heaven will forgive *my* errors, so, most sincerely, do I forgive *yours*. Do you not know my heart? Can you doubt me?”

“ No, *no!* my generous——Oh! I—I—cannot—speak——”

This *second* painful effort produced
the

the same consequence which the first had done, and Doctor Morgan said :

“ Dear Mr. Fitz-Alvin, I cannot save your cousin, unless he is left totally to the care of Gwyneth and myself ; he must neither converse with, nor even *see* any one, whose presence is likely to agitate him at present. I will faithfully deliver all your affectionate wishes and inquiries to his lordship, until I can permit him to see company. My Lord Glynvale, your wound will heal internally in a short time, if you will tranquillize your mind, but the exertion of conversing with your friends will be attended by painful, if not dangerous, effects : I request, therefore, that you will remain silent for a few days.”

Lord Glynvale, who had kept Duvalvin's hand in his while the Doctor was speaking, now pressed it to his lips, and said softly :

“I will obey.”

CHAP. XI.

Consolation.

WHILE Duvalvin was with his cousin, Sir Llewellyn gave the Earl of Rhyndore a few particulars, which would account for the strange behaviour of Glynvale. The Earl was greatly affected at the unnatural proceedings of his son against his nephew, and lamented that the former had so much of the Italian jealousy and revenge in his disposition. Sir Llewellyn said :

“ The hand of Providence guided his much injured cousin to Llanmere. Recollect Glynvale’s terror when first he beheld him, and his instantaneous joy when he found that the amiable youth had not perished by his hand, but was actually *alive*; think also of his remorse when generously and affectionately forgiven by the friend whom he had treated so inhumanly. His crimes have certainly been very great, but, believe me, his punishment has been severe;—if he dies, he will die a sincere penitent; and if he lives, he will live to be a blessing to himself and family.”

“ My dear brother, may you speak prophetically! I love my son! I also love my nephew—I thought him an interesting young man before I knew his
pathetic

pathetic story. Why, *why* was not my Glynvale as amiable?—why were they not as alike in minds as persons? There was as striking a resemblance between their mothers, but *their minds* were, also, alike *amiable*; they lived in harmony and died nearly together. My brother-in-law, the Conte Pliantini, has done great justice to my son, in some things, he has made him a scholar, and a man of fashion; but, alas! his morals must have been totally neglected!”

“The Conte may not be blameable—the morals of your nephew do him honor.”

“My Glynvale thought himself what his cousin really is—an orphan, dependant on the Conte. To preserve the

equality, I allowed the Conte sufficient to educate and maintain them both as the heirs of nobility, which in Italy could be done at a much less expense than in England; therefore, although my father was very scrutinizing in regard to my management of my fortune, I contrived, without the least embarrassment, to provide for my two boys unknown to him. I mean *now* to continue the pension to my nephew, which I allowed for both, until he is in possession of the Conte Pliantini's estates."

"He will be an honor to them. I love him like a son, and shall be sorry, *very sorry* to part with him. What did Lord Glynvale say to you concerning his cousin?"

"That

“ That he was gone upon a secret expedition for the Prince, which would detain him some months; this intelligence disappointed me extremely, as I had written for them both to come together, for I secretly wished that my Wynfrida and her cousin might like each other; but all my intentions seem to be frustrated by his being so unexpectedly at Llanmere. My son appeared at times so excessively absent and melancholy, that I was very apprehensive his affections were engaged to some lady in Italy, although he repeatedly assured me they were not. His distress of mind is now accounted for; yet, I fear, *love* must have been the source of these frenzied deeds;—do you not think so, Sir Llewellyn?”

“ Perhaps it might ;—we must not expect either of them to divulge secrets, wherein the fame of a lady may be concerned ; therefore, if they be reconciled, we must not appear too inquisitive.—Jealousy and envy came into the world with the first brothers, although they lived not in a city where voluptuousness is the fashion, as our young men, unfortunately, have—yet the envious Cain killed his brother. Had Abel recovered and, after a time, Cain had found him alive, he might have felt the sincerest fraternal affection for his injured, yet forgiving brother. Happy are they who can control their passions ! ”

The entrance of Duvalvin interrupted their conversation ; Lord Rhyndore embraced him affectionately, and

and lamented the sufferings which he had endured from the atrocious conduct of Glynvale, and earnestly requested him to commence his own and his cousin's history, from his earliest remembrance, as, he said, nothing could be so interesting to him as such a recital, after the slight sketch which Sir Llewellyn Llanmere had given him.

Duvalvin told his uncle Doctor Morgan's particular request concerning Lord Glynvale's being kept perfectly tranquil, and then complied with his wish, and began the history of Lorenzo and himself; in the progress of which, he rendered most conspicuous every trait in his cousin's character, which he imagined most likely to engage the affections of a father and an uncle; and the errors that he could

not entirely conceal, he softened as much as possible; and he concluded his modest narrative by saying:

“The faults of Lord Glynvale are entirely owing to the false indulgence of the Contessa Pliantini, who absolutely idolized him from his infancy to so great a degree, that no one was suffered to reprimand, or even to contradict him;—thus were all his follies flattered, and all his wishes gratified by my aunt, who unfortunately disliked me, in as great an extreme, as she adored my cousin, whose disposition is not naturally *bad*, but his passions are violent, and early encouraged to indulge them; is it wonderful that at last he should find them uncontrollable? Oh, no! the Contessa *alone* deserves blame; Glynvale, pity and forgiveness.”

“My

“ My excellent nephew, the *dislike* of that simple woman, the Contessa, has been a *blessing* to you, as her *fondness* has been a *curse* to my son. If he should be spared to me, I will endeavor, by all the arguments which reason and paternal affection can dictate, to expel from his mind the poison her too fatal indulgence instilled when its infant state was too feeble to resist it. With what delicacy, what generosity you have excused his faults!— Your fraternal affection for my son shall be repaid by my paternal love for you.”

Llewella finding herself perfectly recovered from her indisposition, insisted on watching all night by the bed of Lady Wynfrida, for fear any one, less interested, should, by some careless movement,

awaken her, and counteract a composing medicine which she had taken.

Duvalvin was equally desirous of sitting up with Lorenzo, but the Doctor would not permit him, lest his presence should disturb the tranquillity of mind so necessary in a state so precarious as Lord Glynvale's. Duvalvin acquiesced to the Doctor's opinion, and comforted the anxious father, by expatiating on the tender watchfulness of Doctor Morgan, who had assured them that he would not quit Lord Glynvale's chamber until he was out of danger.

Lady Wynfrida slept so profoundly, that Llewella, who felt herself extremely fatigued, both in body and mind, by the events of the preceding day, and earnestly

nestly wished for an hour's sleep, called Marian at five o'clock, to whom she gave a strict charge not to disturb Lady Wynfrida, and to call her in case she should awaken. The exhausted Llewella then ventured to recruit her spirits by indulging a short repose.

CHAP. XII.

The Walk.

NOTWITHSTANDING the brilliant rays of the sun darted between the shutters of Miss Llanmere's chamber, and the birds sung their morning hymns at her window, she slept tranquilly long beyond her usual hour of rising. When she awoke, seeing that it was past eight, and finding herself greatly refreshed, she arose; and the moment she had dressed herself, went to Lady Wynfrida's chamber; she listened at the door for some time, and

as all was quiet within, she ventured to take her morning ramble, in which, as usual, she soon had a companion. Azor, who was constantly an attendant on the steps of his mistress, ran towards an arbour, and returned, yelping joyfully, with Duvalvin, whom the little creature seemed to introduce to Llewella as a being whose presence was very dear to her. She held out her hand with a look of inexpressible delight—Duvalvin, kissing it very tenderly, said :

“ My Llewella! this is an unexpected happiness! ”

“ Wynfrida is asleep;—thank heaven, she has had a good night. How is her brother? ”

“ Not worse. Doctor Morgan has
great

great hopes. God grant that he may not be deceived!"

"And if Glynvale recovers, will he not again seek to destroy your life?—O, Fitz-Alvin! how *I dread* his recovery!"

"Think of his attempt upon his *own* life. What must his remorse have been, to urge him publicly to accuse himself, and to commit such a rash action. Now too! the acknowledged heir of a rich and noble family; adored by an affectionate father and amiable sister, betrothed to——"

"One who, it is plain, cannot reconcile him to *this world*. He no sooner saw me, than he thought death was preferable

ferable to marrying his cousin Llewella, and indeed I am even with him ; for if it had been possible that I could give my hand to one who was *indifferent* to me, in obedience to the request of my parents, yet never shall my duty to parental power oblige me to marry one whose cruel heart could dictate the treacherous, diabolical scheme, to destroy a fellow creature, which Glynvale premeditatedly planned to destroy *you*, his *earliest*, his *truest* friend ; and whose impetuous disposition, perhaps, because his deep-laid scheme failed, most providentially ! in the execution, impelled him to commit the dreadful crime of suicide ;—in that also he failed !—he still *lives* to *suffer*, and I hope to *repent*.”

“ He is a sincere penitent, I am certain ;

tain; and if he recovers, I am as certain that his father and *yours* will persist in their design in regard to you both."

"And *I* will as firmly persist in my refusal, and will appeal to my mother, and to the God with whom she now is, for the justice of my cause. Fitz-Alvin, I *hate* your cousin."

"Dear Llewella, he deserves your pity—will you not *pity* him?"

"I will, when I can think of him without recollecting the ruins of San Pietro, and the dungeon Della Balza.—The monster! could I ever suppose that he would be at Llanmere!"

"Had

“ Had *I* thought it probable, I am sure I would have concealed his errors.”

“ If you *had*, his own evil conscience would have betrayed him. Dear Fitz-Alvin, my good angel brought you here ! If I had never seen you, with what unsuspecting confidence I might have married a *fiend* ! Your cousin’s elegant figure and specious manners are calculated to captivate a disengaged heart, and I should have endeavored to magnify every perfection in him, who was destined to be my husband, and devoted myself to misery ; self-discontent would have rendered him abstracted and gloomy ; and I, imputing his unhappiness to a prior attachment, should have been jealous, and of course as miserable as himself ;— from *this*, you have preserved me. For ever

ever shall I bless the day on which I first beheld you at Llanmere."

"O, my Llewella, were it possible to reconcile *my* love and *your* duty, we should both have cause to bless it.—Alas! I am only the nephew of Lord Rhyndore, and you are betrothed to his *son*!"

"His son is a *scandal* to the family—his nephew a *glory* to it. The fortune of my great-grandmother certainly ought to be shared—in *justice*, my cousins are entitled to half;—Lord Glynvale will have more than enough without *that* addition, therefore he shall not have it;—Wynfrida shall share it with me—I want not *any* of it, the whole shall be hers; and if rigid duty forbids the gift of this
poor

poor hand, and my diminished fortune, to him, whose love would make him prize the one and find plenty in the other; then will the cruelly devoted Llewella resign the valuable heart of Fitz Alvin to his beautiful and amiable cousin Wynfrida—she *deserves* it. My father tells me that the Earl wishes to call you his son. Lord Glynvale requested his sister to accept you for her husband—you already love him like a brother. I, having paid the *family debt*, will be *free*—I will live *single*, and pray that my Wynfrida may make you happy.”

“Talk not to me of *happiness* and *Wynfrida*—without you I shall be wretched. The Earl’s wishes—Lorenzo’s request—are in vain; yet I am not insensible

sensible of the honor they would confer on me. Can Lord Glynvale, who knows not that my heart is engaged, make me a more noble, generous reparation? I cannot doubt his repentance—can *you*, my Llewella?"

"*You* love him, and forgive all his faults—I cannot. Before I saw him, I wished he had never been born;—he *came*—he was the wretch whom I had execrated for his enmity to *you*—horror attended his steps. Although I can have no hopes of happiness in this world if that man lives, yet I know you think it is selfish and cruel to wish that he may *die*—by his *own* hand too!—Fitz-Alvin, I will reverse the case, and *then*, perhaps, you will be more inclined to excuse my abhorrence of Lorenzo.

Suppose

Suppose that *I* had told *you* that my cousin had stabbed me, and after I had recovered of the wound, she had inhumanly confined me in a dungeon, and left me to starve to death ; if, escaped by a miracle, you had found me still drooping, almost dying from the effects of her cruelty—and, as soon as you had beheld, with pleasure, my health restored, and rejoiced that I was safe from her malice—if you had unexpectedly seen her under the same roof with me, how would you have felt ? And if you were commanded, by the will of a deceased mother, and by an affectionate father, to marry that fiend in a human form, how would *you feel* ?—how would *you act*, Fitz-Alvin ?”

“ Dear

“ Dear interrogator ! I *dare* not answer you.”

“ You need not—*your looks* and *my heart* answer for you ; therefore, as your honor is engaged to my father, I will permit your tongue to preserve a neutrality. My determination is fixed as firmly as yonder rock. I will not, to avoid my dreadful fate, elope from my paternal home like a heroine of a romance, and expose myself to difficulties, danger, and disgrace.—No ! I will act as becomes the heiress of Llanmere !—I will stand *alone*, the *guardian* of my own honor, against every one who can argue in favor of implicit obedience to parents in *such* a case ; nor have I any superstitious dread of disobeying the request of my dying mother ;—she
says,

says, ‘ can the son of my beloved Glynvale be unworthy my daughter? I am sure he cannot.’ Now she *knows* he is *unworthy*, and I am *free* to refuse a man whose conduct has been so contrary to the principles of honor and religion.”

“ Glorious sentiments! Noble Llewella! What mortal is deserving of so much excellence!”

“ Oh! no *mortal*;—therefore, you know, I mean to live in single blessedness;—I was betrothed to Lucifer, but, luckily for me, he discovered his cloven foot in time. He has absolutely *possessed* my poor cousin Wynfrida, according to the scriptural phrase for frenzy. Heaven grant that I may find her tranquilized! We have walked a long time,

and while I was exclaiming against the brother, I forgot the sister. Let us go in immediately, and inquire how our cousins find themselves this morning, before we meet my father and uncle at breakfast.

CHAP. XIII.

A Confession.

WHEN Lady Wynfrida awakened, her reason was perfectly restored, although she continued extremely agitated and apprehensive concerning the fate of her beloved brother; nor could she be persuaded that he were alive, until she obtained permission to look at him while he slept, for Doctor Morgan would not allow any one to enter the chamber of Lord Glynvale when he was awake, lest the emotion their presence might cause should retard his cure; the family, who were

perfectly convinced of the Doctor's skill, determined, implicitly; to obey his orders.

Lorenzo, himself, was more refractory; he earnestly entreated to have an interview with all of his family who were at Llanmere, but the Doctor told him that if his life were in danger, his request, in that case, should be immediately complied with; but as it was *not*, he must submit patiently to restraint for a few days.—Lorenzo acquiesced. He respected the Doctor, who was sensible and gentle; he was satisfied with the tender, quiet Gwyneth.

The solemn stillness and gloom which reigned in his chamber, gave time for deep reflection. The pain he endured, and his extreme weakness, humbled his
haughty

haughty soul to the sincerest penitence, not only for the crimes which he perpetrated in Italy, but also for his last presumptuous deed of intentional suicide;—remorse eradicated the violent passions which had been so long nourished in his bosom, and it *now* appeared to be the abode of patience and humility. This internal serenity, in less than a week, enabled him to converse without danger, and the Doctor indulged him with the wished-for interview.

Again his lovely sister bestowed on him the most affectionate caresses; again he received his father's blessing and Duvalvin's forgiveness. Sir Llewellyn congratulated him on his amendment, and Miss Llanmere faintly echoed her father's

words. Lord Glynvale took her hand, and said :

“ You tremble, my lovely cousin! Do not behold with disgust a sincere and humble penitent. Believe me, I am truly sensible of the mercies which I have undeservedly received ; and will study, by the rectitude of my future life, to atone for the errors of the years I have past.”

He paused. Llewella, whose hand he still retained, stood pale and trembling—her averted looks were fixed on Duvalvin, who, partly concealed by the curtains, leaned against the bed, scarcely able to support the agonizing expectation of seeing his adored Llewella given to Glynvale, who thus continued :

“ Lord

“ Lord Rhyndore and Sir Llewellyn Llanmere, are you both willing to give this amiable creature, according to the request of her mother, the Lady Ella Llanmere, to the happy Glynvale, if he proves worthy of her ? ”

“ My dear nephew, I am very sorry that you have acted in such a manner as to make me hesitate on the subject of your question ; but before I promise to fulfil *my* engagement, *time* must convince me that *you* are *deserving* of Llewella Llanmere. What do *you* say, my brother ? ”

“ That, at least, two years of perfect unblemished conduct must obliterate the remembrance of my son’s guilt, before *I* will consent to his marriage with Lle-

wella. My sister's child shall first confess Glynvale *deserves* her *hand*, ere I will demand it for him."

"Then *now* demand it for him ; he *deserves* it—she will *confess* it too ! Perfect and unblemished in his conduct, Llewella will not be unjust to *Glynvale*—she will not *delay* his happiness."

"Be patient, my son, your happiness is dear to us all, yet be not so precipitate. Compose yourself, our presence has disordered you ; when you are better able to converse, we will visit you."

"I *am* able to converse—I am in my senses—I know you all—I know *myself* too. Come here, my Frederic—how I have injured you ! I will mend. My
first

first good deed shall be to obey the will of Lady Ella Llanmere, and give the hand of her daughter to the son of Lord Rhyndore ;—take it, Glynvale, for *you* deserve it. Happy parents, bless your children, for they are worthy each other.”

Lady Wynfrida, more affected than the rest at her brother's incoherent speech, exclaimed in an agony :

“ Oh ! my brother ! my dear Glynvale ! ”

“ Dear Wynfrida, I am *not* your brother—I am *not* Glynvale—pardon me, Lord Rhyndore, I am *not* your son.”

“ What madness is this !—Heaven restore my son ! ”

“Heaven *has* restored him—I am your *nephew*. My uncle, the Conte Pliantini, forced me, much against my will, to claim you for my father, as your own son was missing, and he feared you would blame him for his loss.

“Heaven has *restored* him, and *I* am happy! This Glynvale is *worthy* of Llewella. O God! what were my bliss, if I were equally deserving the hand of Lady Wynfrida, who will *now despise* her wretched cousin.”

“Never, *never*—dear Lorenzo, *never*! Have I not soothed your sorrows?—has not *my* life depended upon *yours*? This brother, whom, *alone*, you have injured, *forgives* and *loves* you;—*who* then shall condemn you?”

“No

“ No one shall, my beloved girl—he will be dear to us all. I received him with rapture—I have loved him with paternal affection—I will be doubly blest by two dear sons, and also by two dear daughters—my Frederic! my Lorenzo! my Wynfrida! my Llewella!”

The Earl embraced them with rapture. Frederic threw himself at his feet, and said :

“ Is it possible! Have *I* indeed a father!—am *I* the Glynvale to whom Llewella is betrothed! I cannot believe my happiness! My Lord, can you recollect—did you ever observe that the bosom of your infant son was marked distinctly with a bee?”

“Most perfectly I remember, not only the mark, but the accident which caused it. As your mother and myself were entering a bower, her shoulder touched one of the roses with which it was surrounded, and disturbed a bee, which flew within her handkerchief, and stung her lovely bosom, while yours, my son, caught the impression of the bee; a circumstance that I had quite forgotten till you reminded me of it. Are you so marked *now*?”

“I am. Behold, my lord, the proof that I am your son.”

“You are!—you are!—*this* is indeed convincing! Receive, my brother, your nephew, the *real* Lord Glynvale, whom heaven directed to his betrothed
Llewella.

Llewella. 'Lorenzo Di Rozezzi, you have suffered for your faults—they shall be forgotten—let no anxiety retard your cure. Though you are no longer Lord Glynvale, you shall not lose the title of my *son*—that, with Wynfrida's hand, I still can give you.'

“My lord, I am unworthy—you are too good! yet I *have suffered*, and I *am a penitent*. Heaven knows the contrition of my heart! To you, Lord Glynvale, I will confess what has past in my breast since, *since that fatal night*, and you shall judge if I deserve your angelic sister—*deserve her!*—No, I *never* can!—'tis that *distracts* me—*kills* me——”

He fainted—the exertion had been too much for his weak state. A shriek
of

of terror from the alarmed Lady Wynfrida, who thought that he had expired, recalled his senses. He raised his languid head, and looked anxiously towards her. When Lord Rhyndore saw him a little recovered, he said :

“ My dear Lorenzo, live for your Wynfrida—*her* life depends on *yours*.—Do not let me lose you both.

“ If any secret uneasiness oppresses your mind, disclose it to Glynvale, who has always loved you as a brother, and will rejoice to call you so.

“ You are fatigued—we will leave you for awhile. Wynfrida, give Di Rozezzi your hand. Speak to him, my love.”

“ My

“ My dear brother—my *cousin* I should say—if *my* happiness be dear to you, be *happy* yourself, that you may soon be restored to perfect health.”

Di Rozezzi tenderly kissed the hand that Lady Wynfrida had given him, but he was too faint to answer her, for this interesting conversation had agitated his mind to such a degree, that his fever returned with violence, and left him so extremely low spirited, that nearly three weeks passed away, before Doctor Morgan could permit him to converse with any of his attentive and anxious relatives, who were all greatly alarmed and afflicted at his dangerous relapse, particularly Lady Wynfrida, although her tender and amiable brother, and the affectionate Llewella, did every thing in their power
to

to sooth and console her ; but Lorenzo, whom, as a brother, she had loved so sincerely, was now far dearer to her ;—his errors had been so softened and excused by her brother, they were forgotten ; while his beauty, his accomplishments, his tenderness, were ever present to her thoughts, which could not dwell on any thing, except on his perfections and his danger.

Lord Glynvale loved Di Rozezzi too well not to forgive his sister's partiality, and he had rendered himself an interesting and confidential friend to her, by talking of Lorenzo with affection.—This behaviour engaged her love—she could converse with him unrestrained, he never checked her tears, but gently sympathized in her sorrow, while Llewella

wella disliked D Rozezzi too much ever to make him the subject of her conversation, and was angry with Wynfrida, in her own mind, for loving the man who would have killed her brother; yet Wynfrida was excusable—she loved Lorenzo for perfections which he really possessed, and knew not of his *guilt*, before she was convinced of his *penitence*.

CHAP. XIV.

Contrition.

AFTER Di Rozezzi had taken several airings in the carriage, and was able to walk in the garden, supported by the affectionate Glynvale, he ventured to request half an hour's conversation with him in private, and immediately they returned to Di Rozezzi's apartment. For a few minutes he sat silent—he blushed—he grew pale—he took his cousin's hand—his own trembled. Lord Glynvale said :

“ Dear

“ Dear Lorenzo! be not thus agitated—look forward, my cousin;—blessings await you—health, love, and happiness. Wound not your heart and mine, my *brother*, with painful retrospection.”

“ Amiable Frederic! can you give your angelic sister to the dissipated, proud, unfeeling Di Rozezzi? To the passionate and criminal lover of the Marchesa del Urbino? To one, who
 _____”

“ Has been checked, my Lorenzo, in his passionate and criminal love by the truly virtuous Del Urbino—who has seen his errors—and is now the honorable, ardent lover of the no less virtuous Wynfrida Penrhys—who has, for her

 sake,

fake, deeply probed his own bosom, and extracted every fault which thoughtless youth, too prevailing fashion, and a proud, unfeeling, foolishly fond aunt implanted there. *Now* the native virtues will expand every day, they will more and more adorn the bosom of Lorenzo Di Rozezzi, and render him, in his own eyes, and in those of every one who knows him, truly worthy the amiable Wynfrida."

"Generous, compassionate Frederic! how your kindness overcomes me!—— O God! forgive me! How could I ever attempt to—injure him——"

Di Rozezzi wept—he sobbed—and it was some time before he could resume a discourse, which, notwithstanding
Glynvale's

Glynvale's persuasions to the contrary, he would continue. After he had drank a little wine and water, he said:

“ I find that I must be very concise—my strength will not permit me to dwell long on the most dreadful period of my life.—Jealousy destroyed my reason—I loved the Marchesa to an extreme of furious passion—she favored *you*.”

“ Never, on my soul! beyond the bounds of rigid chastity.”

“ I believe you, but I was frantic—and Lucentio——”

“ Was a vile slanderer, Lorenzo, you know he was.”

“ I left

“ I left him dying;—he had traduced a lady of high birth, and her confessor. The church took cognizance of the crime;—he underwent a very severe discipline, which, added to bad health, the consequence of his abandoned life, reduced him to the last extremity before I left Italy;—by *this* time he must be dead.”

“ May heaven forgive him ! ”

“ I hope he will be forgiven! Oh! Frederic! I listened to his false reports, and thought your meetings with the Marchesa at the cottage were criminal. I adored *her* and hated *you*. I stabbed you at the Ruins of San Pietro—you recovered—you would still be my rival. I persuaded the Conte Severino to take
you

you to Tripoli—I recommended Brutoni to him, with whom I knew you could not agree—he was proud and revengeful, and, from the slightest contradiction, would have destroyed your life. O, Frederic! *can* I be *forgiven*? From this snare you were preserved by royal favor—and *every way* you were my rival. Bent on revenge, I explored the Castella Della Balza—I betrayed you—left you to perish!—

“ I returned home, and experienced a gloomy satisfaction. The next day I set out with Caffino and a party on a tour for several days—I gave myself no time for reflection, for my thoughts were dreadful, and my sleep was interrupted by distracting dreams. I left the party and came home; in crossing a wood, I
looked

looked accidentally out of the carriage, and the rising sun, for we had travelled all night, darted its bright beams full upon the fatal Castella Della Balza!—Just awakened from a short slumber, I knew not where I was—the sight was unexpected and terrible!—I groaned—I fainted.——When I recovered, I found myself in my own bed. My servants had brought me to the Castella Di Pliantini in a state of insensibility.

“ The Conte and Contessa were greatly alarmed at my situation, which they imputed to fatigue. I encouraged that idea, and they left me to repose. I kept in my chamber all the day; and at night, when the family had retired, I went alone to the Castella Della Balza. Horror attended my steps. I knelt
down

down in the first hall and fervently prayed that I might find you alive.

“The night was tempestuous; the howling wind and the roaring waves seemed to mock my prayer—the ruins shook—I wished them to fall and bury me beneath them.

“I opened the door of the dungeon—a violent gust of wind rushed along the cavern, and part of the tower fell, with a dreadful crash, just over my head. When the rumbling ceased, I called you—the echoes, like so many tormenting demons, distinctly repeated your name, but no *answer* was returned. *Guilt* made a *coward* of me—my blood was chilled—my hair stood erect—and my limbs trembled as I searched for you in the

recesses of the dungeon, while the wind, founding like dismal groans, added to my terror.

“ Resolved to penetrate the remotest corners of the dungeon, I advanced, with hurried and disordered steps, until a tremendous peal of thunder shook the earth on which I stood.—I heard the rock split!—I saw the blue lightning flash around me! The lamp I held melted in my hand, and I fell senseless to the earth.

“ I lay in that state of insensibility until the rays of the sun darted through the chasms of the shattered rock. I was surrounded with its fragments, and almost buried under soft earth, while a beautiful mountain-ash that had fallen with it, lay directly

directly over me, and had preserved me from the sharp pointed pieces of granite, by supporting them on its branches.

“ When I recovered my recollection, and beheld how wonderfully *I* had been sheltered from the ruins, in which I was certain *your* remains must now be buried, my feelings are not to be *expressed*.—

Guilty as I was, heaven had granted me time for repentance. I gazed on the mountain-ash with a kind of reverential awe.—I remembered how partial you, my Frederic, had always been to that species of trees; and my being protected by one, appeared supernatural. The tree was sacred to me—I could not leave it behind—I climbed over the rock, and drew it after me. The high wall had

K 2

fallen

fallen, and a great part of the tower.— The way to the dungeon was lost in a mass of ruins. I passed, with difficulty over heaps of rubbish, into the grove, still carefully dragging along the mountain-ash, on which immense clusters of glowing berries hung in rich profusion. Owing to the early hour, I arrived, unperceived by any one, at our garden; and in the division of it, which you called yours, I immediately planted my guardian tree, where it has flourished as if in its native soil. With the dagger, that my guilty hand had plunged into your bosom, I engraved your name upon the bark, and I flattered myself that your spirit beheld me with pity and forgiveness, while, with tears of agonizing remorse, I devoutly consecrated to your memory your favorite tree.

“ Your

“Your absence caused a general alarm and grief throughout Naples;—diligent search was made, and great rewards offered, by the Prince and my uncle, for apprehending your assassin, as every one conjectured, that the enemy who wounded you at San Pietro, had completed his diabolical design. Truly they guessed at the *fact*, but the treacherous *perpetrator* was unsuspected.

“With you I had buried my guilty love for the Marchesa Del Urbino, of whom I thought with horror, as the sole cause, though innocently so, of my crime. I dared not encounter the penetrating eyes of that amiable woman; indeed, I avoided all society, except the Conte Pliantini’s, who, most sincerely, lamented your untimely fate, while the

gay, unfeeling manners of the Contessa disgusted me. She laughed at me for indulging, what *she* styled a childish sorrow, and for devoting my hours to solitude and misery. She knew not that I was a wretched prey to heart-rending remorse.

“Pleasure, love, ambition, no longer reigned over my soul;—those fatal, destructive passions were succeeded by pain, disgust, and self-aborrence. The *once* haughty Lorenzo was humbled to the dust—he thought the worm, which crawled at his feet, far happier and more respectable than himself.—Oh! Frederic, can my sufferings atone for my guilt?”

“Dear Lorenzo! doubt it not.—

‘Who,

‘Who by repentance is not satisfied, is
‘nor of heaven nor earth!’*’

“While I was thus absorbed in affliction, the Earl of Rhyndore wrote to the Conte, and claimed his son! My uncle, grieved, perplexed, almost distracted, conjured me, by the affection he had ever shown me, by my duty, and my regard for his peace, to pass for the Earl’s son. I hated Naples—I wished to fly from myself—and by complying with this *strange* request, I obliged my uncle—I saved a father the pangs of hearing that he had lost his only son;—and I determined, by imitating your perfections, as far as was in my power, to make some reparation for the loss he

* Shakespeare.—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

had sustained by *my hand*. I even indulged the romantic idea, that you, my Frederic, would pardon the deception, and look down upon me with affection, if I behaved with unremitting duty—if I supplied your place, and soothed his declining years. Yet, I should have taken upon myself this pleasing task with much more satisfaction, in the *real* character of his *nephew*, than in the *assumed* one of his *son*, if it had not been for the ardent solicitations of the Conte Pliantini.

“ I met the Earl with true filial affection ; and your lovely sister, at first, with fraternal love—but, Oh ! Frederic! my heart soon told me I was *not* her brother. I admired, respected, *adored* her? The ties of *nature* laid no restraint
—our

—our love was pure and ardent—it was *reciprocal*. Your father encouraged our regard for each other. He told me, in confidence, that he had destined Wynfrida for his nephew, and was disappointed at not seeing him. What were my feelings! I was *that* nephew, for whom Wynfrida was destined! Yet, if I discovered myself, I should betray the Conte Pliantini; nor could I offer her the hand which had destroyed her brother!

“To combat the fatal passion that her innocent caresses hourly encreased—to obey the Earl, by marrying the cousin he had betrothed me—and to be an *attentive*, if I could not be a *fond* husband, was my resolve when I arrived at Llanmere.

“ You witnessed my horror at your, as I then thought, supernatural appearance, and my *momentary* joy when I found you were alive, until I recollected my *crimes* must be *exposed*—my *deception* be made *known*. I could not support the disgrace—I was frantic ! ”

“ But are now *yourself*, my Lorenzo. I have taken a *title* from you, which only *destroyed* your *felicity*. I will give you my *sister*, who will *insure* it. Come, my brother, let me present you to her. The day that gives me Llewella for a *wife*, shall also give me Lorenzo for a *brother*. ”

“ I cannot express my gratitude !— My future life, your angel sister for my guide, shall atone—— ”

“ No

“No more, my beloved Di Rozezzi, of gratitude and atonement to *me*. I cannot bear it—you distress me.”

“Only let me tell you how I wished to call back time, that I might return your generous friendship, and emulate your virtues. Believe me, Frederic, my agonized heart repaid to your memory all the affection I owed to *yourself*, then think what I must feel at having *destroyed* you! You are restored to me! I can return your friendship! I can endeavor to imitate your virtues. I will *endeavor* to deserve your sister!—Yes, Frederic, *she* shall be the sacred bond of amity between us.”

“She shall. Good frequently arises out of evil. The event that has appeared most

horrible to us both, we have now reason to bless, as productive of what will constitute the chief happiness of our lives—the *certainly* of being beloved for ourselves *alone*. We shall not receive the hands of Llewella and Wynfrida as the cold, compulsive gifts of duty.—No, my Lorenzo! they will be freely, generously bestowed on us by those, whose valuable *hearts* we *know* are our *own*.—What can be a greater blessing?”

“The company of your Llewella and your sister, I hope,” said Lady Wynfrida, peeping in at the door. “For indeed, my dear brother, we are very impatient. Is your tedious conference finished? We want you to walk with us.”

Lord

Lord Glynvale took a hand of each, and presenting his sister's to Di Rozezzi, said :

“ There, my Lorenzo, is the bond of amity, seal it with a kiss;—my Wynfrida, he is truly deserving of you.”

“ I know *that*, my brother, and only doubt if *I* am deserving of *him*.”

“ I am *sure* you are” exclaimed Llewella, warmly. “ How very humble you are of late, my modest cousin ! Before you went to Italy, you had far more self-conceit ; but love makes wonderful revolutions !—those which have taken place at Llanmere are as *extraordinary* as they are *happy* ! Heaven has destined us for each other, and mysteriously
guided

guided our affections, without our knowledge, to the *right* objects. Love no longer rebels against *duty*, and our parents bless the chosen of our hearts, now your supposed *brother* proves to be *your cousin* Di Rozezzi—and *my* Fitz-Alvin, *my cousin* Glynvale, whose arrival I so much dreaded;—little did I think he was so near me! But tell me how it be that you still retain your names of Frederic and Lorenzo? Did not my uncle know his son's name?”

“When I assumed the title of Glynvale, I added Frederic to Lorenzo, as my cousin was baptized by *both* names, being Lord Rhyndore's and the Conte's. *Di Rozezzi* was lost in the title, and caused me no embarrassment—had the name of *Duvalvin* been mentioned when
we

we came to Llanmere, it would have led to an immediate discovery ; but as a *change* of name had taken place, the Earl still concluded Fitz-Alvin to be his nephew Di Rozezzi, until I undeceived him."

" I forgot to tell you and Glynvale, that my father wishes to see you both for a few minutes, before we walk ;— he is writing to the Conte Pliantini, and wants to ask you some questions concerning the Marchese del Urbino, who, I find, is appointed ambassador to the court of England."

" He is ; he was appointed before I left Naples. My uncle promised to come with him, if the Contessa, who had been indisposed for some time previous

to

to my departure, was able to travel.— Frederic, the Conte loves you. His only motive for persuading you to take the voyage to Tripoli, was solely to secure you from the enemies, which he feared you had in Naples, and the joy he will feel at finding you are still alive, will repay him for all the embarrassment he may feel from his attempt to deceive the Earl.”

CHAP. XIV.

Welcome Visitors.

DI ROZZI, from the time he had conversed so confidentially with Glynvale, recovered rapidly;—his fine features, no longer clouded by mental gloom, resembled his cousin Frederic's more than ever. Lady Wynfrida's love reconciled him to himself—for the first time in his life, he felt the perfect bliss of an *honorable* and *mutual* attachment; his lately tempestuous passions were soothed to peace by the gentle endearments of the woman he adored,

adored, and every trait of melancholy was effaced by her enchanting gaiety. Lorenzo Di Rozezzi, perfectly happy *himself*, no longer envied the *happiness* of his amiable *cousin*, and rendered himself so engaging, that even Llewella regarded him as the tender lover of Wynfiida, and the affectionate friend of Glynvale, and endeavored to forget the Ruins of San Pietro, and the dungeon Della Balza.

The Earl presented fifty pounds to Gwyneth Aprice, for her attentive care of his son and nephew; and promised, as a farther reward, to provide for her two boys. Lord Glynvale requested the Earl to let him have the entire charge of little Owen, to whom he was very much attached; and the grateful Gwyneth returned

turned home to her husband, greatly elated with her *own* good fortune, and the promised establishment of her *children*.

To Captain Morton, whose humanity preserved his heir, the gratitude of the Earl was unbounded; he wrote him a very kind letter, and sent him a valuable gold snuff-box, with Lord Glynvale's portrait in the lid; within the box, were notes to the amount of two thousand pounds, as a present to Captain Morton's children. Lord Glynvale also wrote to his preserver, and desired him to accept a painting, representing the deck of the *Hibernia*—the fainting Frederic lying upon it, as just drawn out of the boat, Doctor O'Brien supporting his head, and Captain Morton assisting a sailor

failor to disengage him from the cords, with which they had drawn him up.— The resemblances were perfect, as he had taken the sketch before he quitted the ship. On the back of the picture was written :

“ A memorial of the humanity of Captain Donnel Morton, of the Hibernia, who preserved the life of his most grateful and affectionate friend, Glynvale.”

As Doctor Obrien was a single man, and the Earl thought his society would be an acquisition, he offered him apartments in Glynvale Castle, and in his town house, with an income of three hundred pounds a year for life, to be physician to himself and family. Lord Glynvale,

Glynvale, in *his* letter to the Doctor, expressed himself anxiously desirous that his father's proposal might be agreeable to *him*, whose commendatory letter to Sir Llewellyn Llanmere had procured *himself* all the blessings he enjoyed; for without *that*, he might have wandered irresolute and unknown, until Lorenzo had married Llewella; and the Conte, for the peace of all parties, would have thought himself bound to preserve the secret, even at the *expense* of the *lawful heir*, nor could Lorenzo then have discovered the deceit. Glynvale trembled as a train of horrid ideas crowded upon his mind; they were succeeded by a transporting reverse; and he fervently adored the Divine Power, who, by the most inscrutable means, had effected the happiness of *six* persons, the felicity of
 the

the parents being entwined with their childrens.'

While great preparations were making at the castles of Llanmere and Glynvale, for the approaching nuptials, an account came of the death of the Contessa Pliantini, which event, together with the Conte's promise to come to England, postponed the marriages longer than was intended, as the Conte had expressed a great desire to be present at the ceremony. This unexpected delay was very disagreeable to the lovers, but they thought they owed every mark of attention and duty to their guardian uncle.

The newspaper, one morning, rather sooner than they expected, announced the arrival of the Neapolitan Ambassador;

dor; and the next day brought letters to the castle from the Conte, which expressed that a part of the ambassador's family would be at Llanmere in a few days, but that the Marchese, Marchesa, and himself, could not leave town until they had been presented. He wished that the Earl of Rhyndore, who had not been at court since he came to the title, and his nephews, might be presented on the same day. This both the Earl and Sir Llewellyn thought a necessary ceremony previous to the nuptials. Lorenzo and Frederic would gladly have dispensed with it rather than be absent from Llanmere, and wished the Conte had left his exact observance of *courtly etiquette* in Naples.

The day before the one appointed
for

for their departure from Wales, to visit the metropolis of England, as the whole party were walking in the grove, Lord Glynvale said :

“ Surely that is Marco coming towards us! it is! with Enrico and the little Di Marino!”

He ran to meet them; they were soon at his feet, embracing his knees in a transport of joy; even the little Di Marino knelt before him, joining his hands as if he were praying. Llewella, who knew them all by report, stood by delighted, while she heard them exclaim :

“ My master! my *dear master!* you live! Marco beholds you once more!”

“ My

“ My benefactor! my preserver! I have *not lost* you! Enrico is happy!”

“ Pray, dear Signor Duvalvin! love your poor little Marino.”

Glynvale embraced them most affectionately, and said:

“ My friend! my Marco! we will never part again. My Enrico! my beloved boy! how happy I am to see you! and *you*, my sweet little playfellow! go to that lady; tell her that you will be her knight, her fairy champion.”

Llewella fondly carested the engaging child, and kindly welcomed Marco and Arioni to Llanmere. Di Rozezzi, taking Marco's hand, said:

“ My worthy Marco! *I am* not what *I was*. I left my errors in Italy.”

“ Thank Heaven! then perhaps, Signor, you do not *despise* poor Marco.”

“ No, my good man! I have learned to *despise myself*.”

A carriage now drove up, which contained Signora Vinoni, Paulina, and the Lady Adela. Lord Glynvale received them in his arms, and presented them to his sister and Miss Llanmere, who gave them the most engaging reception, and both the Signora and Paulina were charmed with the sister and destined bride of their generous benefactor.

Lorenzo

Lorenzo was happy to find, that he was not beheld with disgust by those who were arrived from Naples, and sincerely grateful to his liberal-minded cousin for concealing his crimes.

Sir Llewellyn was pleased that such interesting guests were come so opportunely to enliven the ladies and himself during the absence of the Earl and his nephews, who could not return in less than ten days.

Marco entreated to have the honour of serving his beloved master, who readily complied with his request, and took him to London, reinstated in his old capacity of valet, which had never been occupied by any other, except for the time his master resided in the Palaz-

za of the prince; and poor Marco seemed scarcely to exist when he no longer could behold one whom, next to the Deity, he adored; his happiness now, therefore, seemed the more exalted, from the painful separation he had experienced.

CHAP. XV.

Conclusion.

THE Conte Pliantini gave his nephews a very tender reception, although the seeing them renewed his grief for the Contessa, whom he had loved sincerely. Lorenzo also recollected her extreme fondness for him, and truly sympathized with his uncle. Even the generous Frederic, forgetful of her follies, gave a tear to her memory. When the Conte had recovered from the emotion their first meeting occasioned, he said :

“ My dear Lorenzo ! I obliged you, much against your inclination, to accept of a title which, I am most truly rejoiced, is now restored to the legal owner ; nor do you, I am sure, regret the loss of it. I have, however, in order to compensate you for the English title which I *forced* you to usurp, gained an Italian one for you. There is the patent which creates you the Conte di Rozezzi of the kingdom of Naples. You have an ample fortune to support your rank, for my unfortunate brother-in-law, the Conte Severino, is dead. His vessel was wrecked upon the coast of Sardinia, where it had been driven by a storm, and himself, Captain Brutoni, and most of the crew, perished. Pardon me, Frederic, for attempting to force you to take a voyage which proved
so

so fatal ; but I did so from motives of affection. I could not foresee the event. The Conte left the whole of his fortune to your aunt for her life, and to devolve to you, Lorenzo, at her decease.— Alas! you are soon in possession of it. The Contessa loved her brother, and when she was very much indisposed, she, unfortunately, heard abruptly of his untimely death. The fatal news threw her into violent convulsions, which precipitated her own.

“ The corse of Conte Severino was found, and brought home to be interred with your aunt’s. On the same evening I followed the remains of both to the family vault. It was a melancholy office! and I had not my dear nephews to *support me.*”

This pathetic account greatly affected both Di Rozzezi and Glynvale, who regretted their being absent from the Conte at such a distressing period.—Lorenzo felt pleased at his title and fortune, because they could be shared with his adored Wynfrida, for whom they rendered him a more suitable match. Lord Glynvale congratulated him sincerely on his acquisitions, as did the Marchesa del Urbino, who just then entered the room, she also warmly congratulated Glynvale on his restoration to a father and his family honours, and particularly on his safety. Lorenzo, as soon as he found an opportunity of speaking apart with the Marchesa, said:

“ You see before you, amiable Marchesa! the most altered of human beings.

ings. I glory in telling you, that I am no longer the passionate, the *mad* adorer of your exterior loveliness, and your enchanting manners. No; I *now* only *admire* them. I am restored to *reason*, and adore you for your *virtue*; I no longer deem it *cruelty*. You will see Lady Wynfrida—you will *love* her; and oh! I fear that you will never think Di Rozzezi worthy of her hand!”

“ If he be restored to *reason* I certainly *shall*. Nature has liberally bestowed her choicest favours upon the Conte di Rozzezi. For a long time he let the dark clouds of error *conceal* too many of them. The storm has passed away without *destroying* any, and his virtues, like the sun after being eclipsed, now shine forth with redoubled lustre;

and Di Rozezzi, although he were not graced with a title and an immense fortune, will *now* be deserving of the most amiable woman in Europe."

" O ! how you comfort a wretch depressed by his own unworthiness ! The more blessings I enjoy, the more I feel sensible that I am undeserving of them."

" Dear Lorenzo ! that humility adorns you far more than the highest titles that your sovereign can bestow on you. I find, without the least jealousy, that Lady Wynfrida has performed what *I* in vain endeavoured to accomplish. She has made you a very *excellent* young man."

At the first drawing room after they
arrived

arrived in town they were all introduced according to the usual etiquette, and the elegant Neapolitan ambassadrefs and the two young noblemen attracted universal admiration; while a whisper of the approaching nuptials gave pain and mortification to many lovely females, who hoped to gain the hearts of the handsome strangers.

The lovers, notwithstanding the gracious reception they received from their majesties, and the amusements which they attended during their short abode in the metropolis, heartily wished themselves at Llanmere; and at their return beheld the turrets of the castle with more pleasure than they had enjoyed since they quitted it.

This short absence had, if possible, endeared the lovers still more to each other, and as there were now no obstacles, the fathers fixed an early day for the celebration of the nuptials.

The Marchesa felt herself perfectly at home in the castle of Llanmere, and the lovely cousins were enchanted with *her*, Signora Vinoni, and their charming children. Enrico and Paulina seemed to live but for each other; and one day Enrico said to Signora Vinoni:

“ My dear mother ! I wish that my beloved Paulina and I were old enough to be married upon the same day, on which our amiable patron, Lord Glynvale, will. I *do* wish that we were a few years older ! ”

“ I wish

“ I wish we were,” said Paulina, sighing—“ How happy we should be! but we will not be *parted*, my dear Enrico!”

“ *Never*, my Paulina! and with the permission of our dear mother, on the day that Lord Glynvale marries Miss Llanmere, *I* will be solemnly betrothed to *you*. Yes, at the sacred altar! It *shall* be our *first* wedding day, my Paulina! and when we are grown up, our *second* shall be on its anniversary. You will let Paulina promise to be mine, will you not, my mother?”

“ I will, my son—I know your hearts—they are formed for constancy. I can trust you both to make a sacred promise to each other. I am *sure* that
you

you will never wish to retract it, my beloved children !”

“ O! never, never !”—

Exclaimed the enraptured children, both at once, throwing themselves at her feet. They respectfully kissed her hands, and then starting up, clung around her neck, shedding tears of grateful transport, in which the affectionate and happy mother accompanied them.

At this interesting moment Lord Glynvale entered the apartment, and not only witnessed the tender scene, but also shared their happiness and their innocent careffes. After he was informed of the cause of their felicity, he added greatly to it, by saying :

“ My

“ My dear Paulina! Miss Llanmere has chosen you for her bride’s maid, and my sister will have only the little Lady Adela for hers, and in compliment to her choice, the Conte di Rozezzi will be attended by the pretty Di Marino. *You*, my Enrico! will, I am sure, confer the same favour on Glynvale—this arrangement has just been made by the ladies.”

Enrico said every thing which gratitude and affection could dictate to his beloved patron, and Paulina flew to return thanks to Llewella for her appointment.

Never were Di Marino and his sister happier than at Llanmere, where they found, among the children brought up
in

in the castle many lively and agreeable playfellows of their own age. Marco, when he was in London, had purchased a cargo of musquets, swords, and bayonets, suitable for all the boys, whom he instructed at every leisure hour in the manual exercise. He appointed the young Marchese captain of the *infantry*; for the diligent veteran had lost no time, and had made a perfect little soldier of him, to the great delight of both the child and his parents, who were very grateful and generous to Marco for the instructions which he had rendered so pleasing to their son, although the brave old soldier required no higher reward than the pleasure he felt when employed in the glorious task of inspiring the youthful mind with heroic ardor.

In

In a packet of letters from Naples, Marco received one from his sister Bianca, who had been left to take care of the cottage, in which letter she gave the following information :

“ Signora l’Abandoni, ever the slave of amorous passion, has, since your departure from Naples, been poisoned by her servant Laretta, for actually rivalling this confidential attendant in the affections of a very handsome young man, to whom Laretta had been most violently attached, and who the Signora could not behold with indifference, while vanity and interest induced him to return the Signora’s love, and neglect Laretta.— This exasperated her to the highest pitch of Italian jealousy against the Signora, on whom she avenged herself by mixing
poison

poison in the coffee prepared for her breakfast; and before it took effect, she made a precipitate escape with money and jewels to a great amount, and sailed immediately, as is supposed, for France, as all the pursuits by land have proved fruitless. When the alarmed l'Abandoni felt the symptoms of the fatal dose, and found that Lauretta had absconded, she knew too well from *whose hand* and for *what cause* she had received her agonizing fate. The ablest physicians were sent for without delay, and the most powerful antidotes were administered, by means of which her *life* has been preserved, but the unfortunate victim of jealousy is so extremely debilitated, that the Doctors say her health will never be re-established, although she may linger for some years in a weak and languid state,

state, during which period of suffering it is reported, that the Signora means to live quite retired from the world, and devote her time to religion and benevolence."

Marco would have kept this intelligence a secret from his Lord, as he thought it might grieve him, but he soon heard that all the letters which arrived with his had mentioned the fate of Signora l'Abandoni as an event greatly talked of at Naples. Lorenzo and Frederic, who had been captivated by her charms, without conceiving it in the least injurious to their present more honorable attachments, bestowed many sighs of tender pity on the melancholy fate of the young and beautiful l'Abandoni, and they sincerely wished that
heaven

heaven might spare her to repent of the errors of her youth, and to be a blessing to her fellow creatures, as fortune had endowed her with such ample means to indulge the most noble liberality.

This conversation concerning l'Abandoni, made the Conte di Rozezzi reflect very seriously for some time ;—at last he exclaimed with animation :

“ And I, *I* who have been a most unfeeling wretch, ought *now* to expiate my crimes, and be as far as I am able, a *blessing* to my *fellow creatures*. Dear Glynvale, from henceforth I will endeavor to be what *you* have always been, a friend to the distressed—a protector of the orphan. The Castella della Balza, that gloomy scene of evil deeds, is *now*,
by

by Severino's will, my *own*. Rapacious avarice and malignant envy shall no more commit acts of horror beneath the fatal walls.—*No!* they shall be erased to their foundation, and I will have a plain, hospitable mansion erected on the spot, and dedicated to the poor. Beneath the modest, humble roof, the helpless orphan shall be cradled in infancy, and instructed in youth, *early instructed* to curb *destructive passions*. There too shall the sick and wounded receive every solace which their afflictions require, and there old age shall repose in ease and comfort.—O, my Frederic! will not their prayers ascend to the throne of mercy for the guilty founder of their asylum, and solicit his pardon; and will not the spirits of those who were *there* devoted to an untimely and cruel death,
look

look down from their heavenly abodes and *blefs* the spot where they were *murdered*, when they behold a *home for the distressed* spring from their mouldering ashes? ”

“ Noble Lorenzo ! what a monument will you raise over the bones of Di Rubini ! what a happy-peopled little world will you form out of a gloomy chaos ! ”

“ May it be an acceptable atonement, for my own *intended* crimes, and for those which the former possessors of the Castella *actually perpetrated* !——You, Frederic, must draw a plan for the structure, and also for its establishment.”

“ My father, our uncles, and the Marchese Del Urbino will all assist to perfect
your

your glorious design of building so near the city of Naples, 'A home for the distressed,' for so it must be inscribed."

Since the Conte Pliantini had been at Llanmere, his nephews observed, with pleasure, that he paid a very particular attention to Signora Vinoni, whose conversation seemed to console him for his recent loss; they knew him to be of a domestic and affectionate disposition, and that he would find himself very uncomfortable were he to pass the remainder of his life in lonely widowhood, therefore they anxiously hoped that he would seriously elect so sensible a woman as Signora Vinoni to supply the place of the late Contessa, as she was perfectly calculated, not only to render his life happy, but also to correct the mental errors,

errors, which, from the pliability of his disposition, he had imbibed from his connection with one who took every advantage which his partiality gave her over his mind, to render it as proudly obdurate as her own. The Conte, who reflected with shame on his former unkind behaviour to Enrico, *now* endeavoured to compensate for it by evincing the most paternal fondness both for him and Paulina, which the amiable children returned; nor did the agreeable widow appear ungrateful for his marked attachment to herself and them. Di Rozzezzì and Glynvale, whose fortunes wanted no addition, wished their uncle might be blest with a son to inherit his title and estate, and reward him by dutiful attention for the care he had bestowed on themselves, and if he mar-
ried

ried Signora Vinoni, they hoped to felicitate him on such a joyful event, as the Signora was scarcely turned of thirty, and the Conte only forty-six years of age.

Whatever were the Conte Pliantini's intentions in regard to a second marriage, delicacy and respect for the late Contessa prevented him from declaring them at present, but he truly rejoiced in the happiness of his nephews, whose nuptials were celebrated six weeks after his arrival at Llanmere.

The bridal day was not only productive of felicity to *all within* the castle of Llanmere, but to *all* who dwelt around it, for Sir Llewellyn's generosity made his whole estate a heart-delighting scene

of rural felicity; nor was the Earl of Rhyndore less liberal;—joy, equally perfect, reigned in the environs of Glynvale.

Thus happily concluded a summer's romance, for such Lord Glynvale called the series of strange events which he had experienced within so short a period; and those events were partly recorded by Morven, the silver-haired Morven! when he joyfully struck the tuneful chords of his harp; and sung the nuptial song in the hall of Llanmere.

THE END.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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